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SPARKS
of
LAUGHTER

Miss Julia Kelly

New York, N.Y.

SPARKS *of* LAUGHTER

SUGGESTIONS TO TOASTMASTERS
HOW TO TELL A FUNNY STORY

*Second
Edition*

STEWART ANDERSON, INC.
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Foreword

TO give the pleasure of laughter and to teach how to create laughter is the dual object of this small volume.

For those who ask of it only that it amuse them, it offers the fine siftings of thousands of quips, jests, and brief anecdotes that have appeared in the American humoristic press, and in some foreign publications, during the last twelve months, together with smile-provokers that have been sent to the compiler or that he has heard vis-a-vis or in the small circle or in the public audience. This collection accurately mirrors American contemporaneous taste in humor.

For those whose desire is instruction, the two chapters, "Suggestions to Toastmasters" and "How to Tell a Funny Story," will supply it in practical form. The aspirant for the honors of a Toastmaster is given a plan which will carry him safely from novitiate to mastership; and when that time has come, and he has gained the self-reliance which experience gives, he will be able to formulate his own programs and magnetize them with his own personality. "How to Tell a Funny Story" lays the course for him who would become adept in the jester's profitable art. And both to him who would be a super-excellent Toastmaster and to him who would be a king of jesters an abundance of material is supplied, in the compilation which precedes the two lessons. Indeed, it would be difficult to find any other publication which supplies both a rich fund of humor material and instruction in its use.

And may I add that while a nation's jests feed its laughter, they also, in their varied aggregate, reflect its life. Look beneath the surface jests and you shall find the thoughts, the ideals, the foibles, the fads, the virtues, the vices, the pains, the pleasures, the loves, the hates of the representative multitude. And thus the flippant or joyous or satiric words that are touched with laughter are also "an abstract and brief chronicle of the times."

STEWART ANDERSON.

New York, November, 1921.

Sparks of Laughter

Kept Just Irritating Him

MAGISTRATE (severely)—Horse-whipping is the only suitable punishment for you and your kind. The idea of a man of your size beating a poor, weak woman like that!

PRISONER—But, your Honor, she keeps irritating and irritating me all the time.

MAGISTRATE—How does she irritate you?

PRISONER—Why, she keeps saying, “Hit me! Beat me! Just hit me once and I’ll have you hauled up before that bald-headed old reprobate of a magistrate and see what he’ll do with you.”

MAGISTRATE (choking)—Discharged.

—*Boston Post.*

George Was Cross at George’s Cross

’Twas in Glasgow that a woman was traveling in a tramcar with a baby who would persist in crying as though his little heart would break.

“Hush, laddie!” the mother would keep murmuring gently, only with difficulty restraining her irritation at the audible and unflattering comments of the other passengers anent her offspring.

Soon the car reached George’s Cross and the conductor called out loudly the name of the place: “George’s Cross! George’s Cross!”

Then the mother’s anger bubbled over and she sprang up excitedly.

“Of course George is cross!” she cried, with flashing eyes. “And so would you be if you were cutting your back teeth!”

—*London Tit-Bits.*

You Bet He Has!

“If you will make the boy wear his hair long, I at least insist on getting him boxing lessons.”

“Why so?”

“A kid with long hair has got to know how to fight.”

—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

Can See All the Way Down

A nervous woman went to have her throat examined by a specialist, who, while adjusting the laryngoscope, remarked: "You'd be surprised to know how far down we can see with this instrument."

"Is that so, doctor?" faltered the patient. Then after a pause, she said, "Before you begin, doctor, I ought to tell you that I really hadn't time to mend that hole in my stocking before I came here."

—*Houston Post.*

A Lesson in Meatology

She was a sweet young bride, who had already found that what looks like a nice piece of meat in the shop often seems to have gone through a private transformation scene when it arrives home.

"How is it?" she inquired eagerly, when an old married friend called upon her, "that you always manage to have such delicious beef?"

"It's very simple," replied the older woman. "I first select a good honest butcher and then I stand by him."

"Oh, I see, you give him all your trade, you mean?" said the innocent young bride.

"No!" answered her companion, grimly, "I stand by him while he is cutting the meat!"

—*Washington Post.*

Pull the Trap and Dump Him

A Scotchman who was notorious as a skeptic had erected a massive mausoleum for his final rest, and one day he observed an elder of the kirk gazing at it.

"Strong place that, hey David?" he said. "It'll tak a mon some time tae raise up oot o' that at the Day o' Judgment."

"Hoot, mon," said David, "ye can gie yersel little fash aboot raisin' when that day comes. They'll tak the bottom oot o' it and let you fa' doon."

—*London Telegraph.*

A Sanctified Pup

"Your Honor," said the prosecuting attorney, "your bull pup has went and chawed up the court Bible."

"Well," grumbled the Court, "make the witness kiss the pup; we can't adjourn court to get a new Bible."

—*The Labor Clarion (London).*

"You Savvy God?"

There was a prominent lawyer in San Francisco who prided himself on his astuteness in questioning Chinese witnesses. He was very near-sighted, however, and on one occasion got into difficulty through failing to notice that the dress of a certain Chinese witness was of finer texture than that worn by the ordinary coolie. The following dialogue ensued.

"What is your name?"

"Sell Lung."

"Do you live in San Francisco?"

"Yes."

"Do you savvy God?"

"Mr. Attorney, if you mean to ask whether I comprehend the entity of our Creator, I will merely reply that on next Thursday evening I shall address the State Ministerial Association upon the subject of 'The Divinity of Christ,' and I shall be pleased if you will attend." To the day of his death the celebrated lawyer will never escape the question, "You savvy God?"

—*Case and Comment.*

Dunce!

A negro lad had been brought into a Virginia police court for the fifth time charged with stealing chickens. The magistrate determined to appeal to the boy's father.

"See here," said his honor, "this boy of yours has been in this court so many times charged with chicken-stealing that I'm quite tired of seeing him here."

"I don't blame you, jedge," said the parent, "an' I's tired of seein' him here as you is."

"Then, why don't you teach him how to act? Show him the right way and he won't be coming here."

"I has showed him de right way," said the father, "but he jest don't seem to have no talent for learning how, jedge; he always gets caught."

—*Lawyer and Banker.*

Do You Blame Him?

MR. McNAB (after having his lease read over to him)—"I will not sign that: I havena' been able tae keep Ten Commandments for a mansion in Heaven, an' I'm no' gaun tae tackle aboot a hundred for twa rooms in the High Street!"

—*London Opinion.*

Chinchilla Worship

WIFE—"Did you notice the chinchilla coat on the woman sitting in front of us this morning?"

HUSBAND—"Er—no. Afraid I was dozing most of the time."

WIFE—"Um. A lot of good the service did you."

—*Chicago Tribune.*

Terrible!

HISTORY PROFESSOR—"How was Alexander I of Russia killed?"

STUDENT (vaguely)—"By a bomb."

PROFESSOR—"Be a little more explicit, please."

STUDENT (in desperation)—"Well, you see—er—it exploded."

—*American Legion Weekly.*

The Blubbering Whale

A captain of an Atlantic liner was bothered by a woman passenger who was always inquiring about the possibility of seeing a whale. A dozen times a day she besought him to have her called if one hove in sight.

"But, madam," the captain asked her rather impatiently, after long suffering in silence, "why are you so eager to see a whale?"

"Captain," she answered, "my desire in life is to see a whale blubber. It must be very impressive to watch such an enormous creature cry."

—*Harper's Magazine.*

Killing the Infant

Little Tommie Brown was always interested in his new baby sister. One day he stood peering down upon it while nurse was singing it to sleep.

"Nurse," he whispered at last, "she's nearly unconscious, isn't she?"

"Yes," nodded the nurse, and continued singing the lullaby.

Tommie whispered in alarm: "Then don't sing any more or you'll kill her."

—*Evening News (London).*

Drop Those Skirts!

POLICEMAN—"Lost yer mammy, 'ave yer? Why didn't yer keep hold of her skirt?"

LITTLE ALFRED—"I cou-cou-couldn't reach it."

—*London Opinion.*

We Pander to Our Punsters

Two Tommies turned punsters went into a restaurant over on the eastern front and said to the waiter, "We want Turkey with Greece."

The waiter replied, "Sorry, sirs, but we can't Servia."

"Well, then, get the Bosphorus."

The boss came in and heard their order and then said, "I don't want to Russia, but you can't Rumania." So the two Tommies went away Hungary.

—*Commerce and Finance.*

We Freely Assent

In a large park in one of the Eastern cities there are seats about the bandstand with this notice posted on them:

"The seats in the vicinity of the bandstand are for the use of ladies. Gentlemen should make use of them only after the former are seated."

—*The American Legion Weekly.*

Doc's Own Yob

Axel, a Swede in an outfit at Fort Jay, woke up one morning with a desire to loaf. He got put on sick-call, thinking it was worth trying, anyway. At the dispensary the doc looked him over, felt his pulse, and took his temperature. Then he said:

"I can't find anything wrong with you."

No answer.

"See here, what's wrong with you anyway?"

"Doc," replied Axel. "That bane your yob."

—*The American Legion Weekly.*

Father Teaches Jimmy

"Where's Jimmy?" asked the head of the house, coming home from work.

"He was very naughty," replied his wife. "I sent him to bed for swearing."

"Swearing?" roared the indignant father. "I'll teach him to swear!" and he rushed up-stairs. For some minutes the indignant parental voice resounded through the house, and then Jimmy's mother called:

"John, dear. I'm sure Jimmy has heard enough for the first lesson."

—*The American Legion Weekly.*

They Do

Two men, strangers to each other, sat side by side in a suburban train. Finally, one turned to the other and became confidential.

"I," he said impressively, "am a starter of elevators in a city sky-scraper. When I signal them to go up, they go up. And your line is——?"

"I," said the other, "am an undertaker. When I signal them to go down, they go down."

—*The American Legion Weekly.*

Bantams

"Aw," said Willie, "you're afraid to fight; that's all it is."

"No, I'm not," protested Jack, "but if I fight my ma'll find it out and lick me."

"How'll she find it out?"

"She'll see the doctor goin' to your house."

—*O. E. R. Bulletin.*

Dangerous Occupation

"Is your husband a good provider, Dinah?"

"Yessum, he's a good providah all right, but I'se allus skeered dat niggah's gwine er git caught at it."

—*O. E. R. Bulletin.*

And So She'd Oughter

"There seemed to be trouble in your house this morning."

"Yep. Ma got after Pa."

"What for?"

"Oh, he forgot and wiped his razor on one of the guest towels."

—*Detroit Free Press.*

He Couldn't Shoot Sausages!

The sportsman strode into a poulticer's shop, and with the air of a man who meant business, said:

"Can you sell me a nice, plump pheasant?"

"I'm sorry, I have not a pheasant left, sir," replied the shopman, "but here are some fine sausages that I can highly recommend. I'm sure your wife will be delighted with them."

"Sausages be blowed!" yelled the sportsman. "How can I tell my wife I shot sausages?"

—*Los Angeles Times.*

Yes—Very!

An agitated woman burst into a police station in Chicago not long ago with this announcement:

"My husband has been threatening to drown himself for some time, and he's been missing now for two days. I want you to have the river dragged."

"Is there anything peculiar about him by which he could be recognized if we should find a body?" asked the inspector.

For a moment the woman hesitated and seemed at a loss. Then a look of relief came to her face and she replied:

"Why, yes! He's deaf."

—*Harper's Magazine.*

Eve Indicates the Apple

A girl was walking along a road, and a young man along another. The roads finally united. The man was carrying a large iron kettle on his back. In one hand he held, by the legs, a live chicken, in the other a cane, and he was leading a goat. Just as they were coming to a deep ravine the girl said to the young man:

"I'm afraid to go through that ravine with you, it is a lonely place and you might overpower me and kiss me by force—!"

"How can I possibly kiss you by force," he asked, "when I have this iron kettle on my back and a cane in one hand and a live chicken in the other, and am leading this goat? I might as well be tied hand and foot!"

"True," replied the girl, "but if you should stick your cane into the ground and tie the goat to it, and turn the kettle upside down and put the chicken under it, then you might wickedly kiss me in spite of my resistance!"

"I should never have thought of that," he said.

And when he came to the ravine, he stuck his cane into the ground and tied the goat to it and, lowering the kettle from his shoulders, imprisoned the fowl under it, and kissed the girl!

—*Carolina Tar Baby.*

Told a Million Times

DORIS—I thought you were going to kiss me when you puckered up your lips just now.

JACK—No—er—it was only a piece of grit in my mouth.

DORIS—Then, for goodness sake, swallow it—you need some!

—*Edinburgh Scotsman.*

And Youse Can Try It!

"There isn't much I don't know about the English language," boasted the long-haired man in the club.

"I'll test you," a friend picked him up quickly. "I'll dictate a paragraph to you."

With an assured air the boaster seized his pencil, but his jaw dropped as he heard:

"As Hugh Hughes was hewing a yule log from a yew tree a man dressed in clothes of a dark hue came up to Hugh and said: 'Have you seen my ewes?'"

"If you will wait until I hew this yew tree I will go with you anywhere in Europe to look for your ewes," said Hugh.

—*New Orleans Times-Picayune.*

Worse Than That Comes Later

Sunday school had just begun when the teacher turned to nine-year-old Edward and asked him why he had been absent from Sunday school last Sunday. His answer came promptly and clearly: "Pop and me went blackberrying last Sunday."

Teacher was nonplused. "Why, Edward," she exclaimed. "Don't you have any idea what will happen to little boys who pick blackberries on Sundays?"

"Yes, ma'am," his answer was again prompt. "They'll get chiggers on them."

—*Indianapolis News.*

? ? ?

"A flirt, am I?" exclaimed Mary Ann, under notice to go. "Well, I know them as flirts more than I do, and with less hexcuse." She shot a spiteful look at her mistress and added: "I'm better looking than you. More 'andsome. 'Ow do I know? Your husband told me so."

"That will do," said her mistress, frigidly.

"But I ain't finished yet!" retorted Mary Ann. "I can give a better kiss than you! Want to know 'oo told me that, mum?"

"If you mean to suggest that my husband——"

"No, it wasn't your 'usband this time," said Mary Ann. "It was your chauffeur."

—*Tit-Bits (London).*

"Wise in Their Generation"

The principal of a certain school for girls had occasion to speak sharply to one of the pupils.

"Marion," he said sharply, "you've neglected your work shamefully, and you must remain with me an hour after school."

Marion shrugged her thin little shoulders. "Well," she said, "if your wife doesn't mind it, I'm sure I don't."

—*Denver Times.*

Quit Working So Hard!

Those who are feeling deprest at the labor troubles through which we are passing would receive a good tonic if they took a walk through Whitechapel, for on the notice-board of a certain church there the following piece of anatomical pleasantry has been painted:

It is easier to smile than to frown!

To frown you use 64 muscles, but only 13 to smile!

—*London Morning Post.*

From a Funny Column—But It Isn't a Joke

There is an English church where a box hangs in the porch. It is used for communications for the pastor. Cranks put their notes in it, but occasionally it does fulfil its purpose. Recently the minister preached, by request, a sermon on "Recognition of Friends in Heaven," and during the week the following note was found in the box: "Dear Sir—I should be much obliged if you could make it convenient to preach to your congregation on 'The Recognition of Friends on Earth,' as I have been coming to your church for nearly six months, and nobody has taken any notice of me yet."

—*Christian Register.*

Had to Swear an Oathful

Speaking of moving-picture actors, a good story is told of one who was suing a company for breach of contract. When asked by the court why he claimed so large a sum he replied, "It is because I am the greatest actor in the world."

A few days later some of his friends badgered him about the mighty high opinion of himself expressed in the statement. "I know it must have sounded somewhat conceited," he explained, "but I was under oath, so what could I do?"

—*Boston Transcript.*

A Resourceful Judge

A judge had declared that he would stop the carrying of firearms in the streets of a Western town. Before him appeared a tough youth charged with getting drunk and firing his revolver in the crowded streets.

"Ten dollars and costs," said the judge.

"But, your honor," interposed the counsel for the defense, "my client didn't hit anybody."

"But he admits he fired the gun."

"Yes, but he fired into the air," explained the lawyer.

"Ten dollars and costs," repeated the judge. "He might have hit an angel."

—*Pittsburgh Times-Gazette.*

Just Sojourning—Ever Done It?

She had the habit of being late in keeping appointments. Well, that's nothing; so have other women. This particular day the appointment was with her husband. At last she did put in an appearance.

"Oh, are you waiting for me, dear?"

"Waiting? No; sojourning!"

—*Yonkers Statesman.*

Mother Lands a Wallop

MR. DE SEINES (on being introduced to adored one's mother)—Pardon me, madam, but have we not met before? Your face seems strangely familiar.

ADORED ONE'S MOTHER—Yes, I am the woman who stood up before you for two whole miles in a street car the other day while you sat reading a paper.

—*Toronto Telegram.*

And the Para Golosh

WILLIE—Paw, can you name six noted legislative bodies?

PAW—Well, there's the American Congress, and the British Parliament, and the French Chamber of Deputies and the German Reichstag, and the Japanese Diet, my son.

WILLIE—But that's only five, and the teacher wants us to name six.

PAW—Well, there's the—er—er—the Hungarian Goulash. Now, don't bother me. Can't you see I'm reading?

—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

Sparks of Laughter

Justifiable Homicide

"Certainly, I killed my husband!" calmly said the fair prisoner at the bar. "Why shouldn't I? I came home and found the wretch sleeping with his head on my handsome sofa pillow——"
"Not guilty," cried the twelve juroresses in one voice.

—*Kansas City Star.*

No, Nor Has Anybody Else!

The origin of the bagpipe was being discussed, the representatives of different nations eagerly disclaiming responsibility for the atrocity. Finally an Irishman said: "Well, I'll tell you the truth about it. The Irish invented it and sold it to the Scotch as a joke; and the Scotch ain't seen the joke yet!"

—*Watchman-Examiner.*

Why Quibble?—Smoke!

WIFE—Have you ever thought how many hats you could buy in a year if you saved the money you squander in smoking?

HUB—Often. I estimate that I could buy about twenty for myself, but only two for you.

—*Boston Transcript.*

Yes, They'll Get You Sure!

THE MOTORIST—Say, friend, my engine's stalled. Think you can help me find out what's the matter with it?

CONSTABLE TALLTIMBER—I can, but I won't just now. I can't pinch you for speedin', but in ten minutes I'll fix up your engine, an' then pinch you for parkin' here too long.

—*Boston Globe.*

Crazy Over Him

A man managed to get into conversation with a pretty girl during a railway journey. He was very pleased with himself and when the train arrived at his destination he said to the girl:

"I have to thank you for making this otherwise dull journey a very pleasant one. I'm afraid you wouldn't, perhaps, have been so nice if you'd known I was a married man."

"Oh, as to that," said the girl, "you have no advantage over me. I'm an escaped lunatic."

—*Houston Post.*

Regular Cataract of Lodore

A sufferer who lives close to a railroad yard in the suburbs wrote the following to the railroad company complaining about the racket made by a switch engine:

"Gentlemen: Why is it that your switch engine has to ding and dong and fizz and spit and bang and hiss and pant and grate and grind and puff and bump and chug and hoot and toot and whistle and wheeze and jar and jerk and howl and snarl and puff and growl and thump and boom and clash and jolt and screech and snort and snarl and slam and throb and roar and rattle and yell and smoke and smell and shriek like hell all night long?"

—*Boston Globe.*

Yes, Why?

"You writing your sermon, pop?" the small son of a minister asked interestedly.

"Yes, my boy," was the reply of the divine as he looked up from his manuscript.

"How do you know what to write, pop?" was the next question.

"God tells me what to write, my son," the minister replied impressively.

The little fellow looked doubtful.

"If He tells you what to write," he demanded, "why do you go back and scratch out a lot of it?"

—*Judge.*

Civic Patriotism

"It was a very shrewd and diplomatic culprit," says a Denver lawyer, "who was brought before a judge in our town not so long ago. The judge fixed him with a stern eye and said:

"'You are charged with having registered illegally.'

"'Your Honor,' said the man, 'maybe I did, but they were trying so hard to beat Your Honor that I became desperate.'"

—*Harper's Magazine.*

Ought to Have Been

HIGH SCHOOL TEACHER—Who can tell me something about Nero?

BRIGHT PUPIL—Is he the one mentioned in "Nero, my God, to thee?"

—*Judge.*

A Modern Convenience

"The wide-awake student," observes a university man, "occasionally puts a question which the next minute he will regret. In this relation one recalls a story told by a Yale instructor who was lecturing on oxygen.

"'Oxygen,' said he, 'is essential to all animal existence. There could be no life without it. Yet, strange to say, it was discovered only a century ago.'

"'What did they do, then, sir,' a student asked, 'before it was discovered?'

—*Harper's Magazine.*

"Custard Pie Drammers"

"What's Charmian yipping about now?" asked Heloise, of the rapid fire restaurant.

"Aw, she's on the subject of the movies again," replied Claudine, of the same establishment. "Her notion is that them custard pie drammers ain't true to life; she says she never flung a pie in a gen'leman's face or rubbed it in his hair—that is, of course, unless he got too fresh, or something."

—*Success.*

A Quick Trip

Peter Horback claims that the oldest joke is the one about the Irishman who was handling dynamite in a quarry. He let a stick drop, and the whole box went up, taking Mike with it. The quarry boss came around later and said to another Irishman: "Where's Mike?"

"He's gone," replied Pat.

"When will he be back?" asked the boss.

"Well," replied Pat, "if he comes back as fast as he went, he'll be back yesterday."

—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

Yes, in the "Dim Religious Light"

"Daughter, I hope you will go to church this evening. The pastor's subject, 'An Hour with Favorite Hymns,' should be very interesting."

"I should like very much to go, father, but I have an engagement with my own favorite him to-night."

—*Boston Transcript.*

Well—Did He?

The teacher of "conversational French" in a certain Eastern college was a lively mademoiselle "just over."

One bright afternoon she stopped two girls very excitedly. She wanted to buy an "*eponge pour la bain*," but did not know what to ask for.

"Bath sponge. Tell the salesman you want a big bath sponge to take home with you," said the girls in chorus, and they accompanied her to the village drug store.

A young clerk stepped forward. Mademoiselle advanced bravely.

"Please," she said, smilingly, "will you kindly take me home and give me a big sponge bath?"

—*Success.*

Vice-President Marshall's Humor

When Vice-President Marshall was a struggling lawyer in Indiana, a book agent entered his office one morning and undertook to sell him a new edition of the Bible. Marshall interrupted to ask who the author was.

"W-h-y, this is the Bible," explained the agent.

"I am fully aware of that," answered Marshall. "But I ask you who is the author?"

The agent again explained he was offering the Bible.

"I know," said Marshall, "but who's the author?"

Gathering up his samples, the book agent retreated to the door, then with one hand on the knob, turned around and shouted, "You pinheaded fool and blithering idiot, it's the Bible!"

—*Capper's Weekly.*

A Clumsy Novice

"My boy," said the elderly physician, "I'm afraid you will never get rich in the profession."

"Why not?" asked the young doctor.

"You told one of the richest women in town her complaints were imaginary."

"And so they are."

"To be sure, but you should have told her so in medical terms she couldn't understand and put her down for at least two visits a week."

—*Birmingham Age-Herald.*

Shall We "Shoot?"

A Pittsburgh lawyer was conducting a case in court not long ago and one of the witnesses, a burly negro, confessed that at the time of his arrest he was engaged in a crap game. Immediately the lawyer said, "Now, sir, I want you to tell the jury just how you deal craps."

"Wass dat?" asked the witness, rolling his eyes.

"Address the jury, sir," thundered the lawyer, "and tell them just how you deal craps."

"Lemme outen heah!" cried the witness uneasily. "Fust thing I know this gem-man gwine to ask me how to drink a sandwich."

—*Boston Transcript.*

"Dear Teacher's" One Meteor

The teacher was anxious to make a good showing before the county superintendent, so when he asked the boy at the head of the class a question her heart was light. "Who was the mother of the great Scottish hero, Robert Bruce?" was the query. There was no answer, so he went the rounds of the other pupils.

At last the teacher grew radiant with joy, for the boy who was standing at the foot held up his hand.

"Well, my boy," said the superintendent, encouragingly, "who was she?"

"Please, sir, Mrs. Bruce."

—*Columbus Dispatch.*

The "Beeg Steef" Waited

In one of the smaller cities in central France used by a division headquarters during the winter of 1918-1919, Alphonse, the barber, endeavored to learn to speak English. To this end he was diligently coached by numerous Yank dispatch-bearers, sergeant-majors, and clerical workers, and Alphonse learned fast.

No less a personage than the commanding general of the division strode into the barber shop one day and demanded a shave in a hurry. Alphonse knew rank when he saw it and rose to the occasion.

"Sairtainlee, mon général," he replied, bowing with the French politeness. "Seet down, mon général, an' you be nex', you beeg steef."

The general waited.

—*American Legion Weekly.*

Joke's on the Joker—Queer Name for Englishman— Spell It!

Elizabeth N. Barr, an editorial writer with the *Reclassificationist*, tells a story of an Englishman who telephoned to say he had not received his paper. Having difficulty in understanding the name, the editor asked that he spell it.

"'Ow do you spell it?" the Englishman said. "Spell it with a hoe and a hen and a he and a hi and two hells."

—*Washington Times*.

"Father's Perfume"

"Pussyfoot" Johnson, whose effort to prohibitionize Scotland failed recently, was discussing his failure with a New York editor.

"Yes, I failed," he ended, "and I'm very sorry. Conditions in Scotland are very bad.

"Did you ever hear the story of the deacon's daughter? This story illustrates Scottish conditions very well.

"The wife of a Peebles deacon took a bath one evening, and as it was rainy, chill November weather, she swallowed a teaspoonful or two of whisky after her bath to keep herself from catching cold.

"Then in her dressing-gown she went to bid her little daughter good-night. She stooped over the child's cot and a kiss was exchanged. After the kiss the little girl drew back sharply, sniffed and said:

"'Why, mamma, you've been using father's perfume, haven't you.'"

—*Detroit Free Press*.

Keeping the Sabbath Holey

"Chick" Evans, the brilliant golfer, was talking at a recent club dinner in Chicago about Sunday golf.

"The prejudice against playing golf on Sunday," said Mr. Evans, "has practically disappeared, but in New England there are still clubs where the game is not permitted on Sunday.

"To deprive the modern player," continued Mr. Evans, "of his Sunday golf—the only day in the week that some men can play—is a great hardship."

Smiling, the great golfer added whimsically:

"And, as a matter of fact, doesn't the golfer remember the Sabbath day and keep it 'holey'?"

—*Los Angeles Times*.

A Libel

She was young; she was pretty. She wore the traditional tortoiseshell campus windshields. And she had the American co-ed's blithesome assurance as she stepped up to the library window.

"Oh, look!" she said. "I've got to read some books. It's for my English VI semi-finals. Look, have you got 'The Four Horsemen with the Erysipelas,' by that Spanish Caveman? And I want a book of poetry, too. Something kind of jazzy. See?"

—*New York Tribune.*

Getting a Collection

The young housewife, looking very pretty and workmanlike in a big green overall, was cleaning out the pantry cupboard.

"Dickie," she called to her young husband, who was smoking in the spick-and-span little drawing-room, "I want you to bring me a mouse-trap home to-morrow."

"But, angel," cried the young man. "I brought you one home only yesterday."

"I know, pet," called back the young bride, "but that one has a mouse in it."

—*Spanish River News.*

Yea, Verily!

O Woman, in our easeful hours
Light as the breeze that woos the flowers,
When feminism distorts the brow
A devastating tempest thou!

—*Judge*

An Accurate Diagnostician

Father was giving the fair young daughter a lecture about her beau. He exclaimed, "Does he know who pays the light bills? Doesn't he know enough to go home at the right time?"

The daughter replied, "Yes, he knows enough to go, but he was sick last night."

With that father started in again. "Don't tell me that a big husky fellow like him was sick. What on earth was the matter with him?"

As the fair young daughter started for the door, she sang back, "He has heart trouble."

—*Indianapolis News.*

No Drouth There

In the showing of a pictorial news weekly in a movie house in San Diego, Calif., the operator flashed on the screen a picture of two distinguished French generals riding in an automobile. Crowds lined the pavements, their umbrellas up and water dripping from their hats. Suddenly from the audience came the awed cry:

"My Gawd, it's still rainin' over there!"

—*American Legion Weekly.*

What Are His Specifications?

"Here's an advertisement for a wife."

"She must be young, rich, and beautiful, I suppose?"

"No, but the requirements are almost as hard to meet. The advertiser specifies that she must be 'under 40, immune from the movies, and house-broken.'"

—*Birmingham Age-Herald.*

Casey Gets His Pass

An Irishman came into the office of the president of the Illinois Central Railroad and said:

"Me name's Casey. Oi worrik out in the yar-rds. Oi'd like a pass to St. Louis."

"That is no way to ask for a pass," said the president. "You should introduce yourself politely. Come back in an hour and try it again."

At the end of the day back came the Irishman. Doffing his hat, he inquired, "Are yez the man I saw before?"

"I am."

"Me name is Patrick Casey. Oi've been workin' out in the yar-rds."

"Glad to know you, Mr. Casey. What can I do for you?"

"Oi've got a job an' a pass to St. Louis on th' Wabash. Yez can go to hell."

—*Case Eagle.*

The Shocker Shocked

THE MAN IN THE ATHLETIC SHIRT—Say! Where's the towel?

HIS WIFE IN AN EVENING GOWN—Aren't you ready yet? And for heaven's sake, pull down the window shade! Do you want the neighbors to see you exposed like that?

—*Judge.*

God Bless Her!

Kitty, aged four, had been naughty and her father had had to administer vigorous correction before going to business.

That an impression had been made was apparent when, on his return from business in the evening, Kitty called upstairs with frigid politeness:

"Mother, your husband's home."

—*Boston Globe.*

Happy Mr. Shepherd!

Mrs. Botts, a Mobile darky, was calling upon a neighbor, Mrs. Shepherd.

"Ah notices yo' is housecleanin'," observed Mrs. Botts.

"Yes, Ah is," replied Mrs. Shepherd. "Dey ain't nothin' like movin' things 'round once in a while. Why, Mrs. Botts, Ah jes' come across a pair of slippers under de baid dat Ah 'ain't seen fo' a couple of yeahs."

—*Harper's Magazine.*

A "New Beginning"

In Minnesota last year a little Swede presented himself to a certain schoolma'am for instruction.

"What is your name?" the teacher asked.

"Yonny Olsen," he said.

"How old are you?"

"Ay not known how old Ay bane."

"Well, when were you born?" continued the teacher.

"Ay bane not born at all; Ay got stepmutter."

—*Everybody's.*

The Chicken Halted

Hiking through the small French town, an ignorant chicken, unversed in the appetites of American darkies, crossed the road in front of a colored detachment. With much zeal a soldier broke forth from the ranks and set out in pursuit.

"Halt!" bellowed the officer in charge. Both fowl and negro only accelerated their paces.

"Halt! Halt!" repeated the officer. The dusky doughboy made one plunge, grasped the chicken by the neck, and stuffed it, still struggling, inside his shirt.

"Dere!" he panted. "Ah'll learn you to halt when de captain says halt."

—*Journal of the American Medical Association.*

Sparks of Laughter

"Smyyttthhe"

When Alice Smith had attained the age of sixteen she undertook to alter the orthography of her given name to what, it seemed to her, was a more poetic form. Accordingly, she began to sign herself Alyce. Thus designated she entered a new school and, of course, the first question put to her was with reference to her name.

"Alyce Smith," she said. "A-l-y-c-e."

"Thanks," said the teacher. "And how are you spelling Smith now?"

—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

Cheap At Any Price

A man took his wife to the doctor. He was a simple fellow, and had lived in the country all his life. The doctor placed a thermometer in the wife's mouth. Just before he removed it the man, who had watched spellbound, being unused to such silence on the part of his better half, blurted out: "Doctor, what will you take for that thing you put in her mouth?"

—*Boston Post.*

When a Jubilee's a Jubilee

"Some years ago," says an American who used to live in London, "before Queen Victoria's death and about the time the Queen's jubilee was to be celebrated, there was overheard this conversation between two old Scotchwomen on a street corner:

"Can ye tell me, wumman, what is it they call a jubilee?"

"Weel, it's this," said the other. "When folk has been married twenty-five years, that's a silver wuddin'; and when they have been married fifty years, that's a golden wuddin'. But if the mon's dead then it's a jubilee."

—*Philadelphia Public Ledger.*

And She Got By With It

When a lady who was "burning up the road" on the boulevard was overtaken by a traffic officer and motioned to stop, she indignantly asked:

"What do you want with me?"

"You were running forty miles an hour," answered the officer.

"Forty miles an hour? Why, officer, I haven't been out an hour," said the lady.

"Go ahead," said the officer. "That is a new one on me."

—*Pittsburgh Dispatch.*

Trying Him on the Dog

The scene was an old country farm-yard, and the farmer's wife stood at the door. Down the pretty country lane a tramp, bedraggled and dirty, made his way.

At the farm-yard gate he stopped and besought the farmer's wife to give him something to eat to appease his hunger.

"Come right into the yard," said she, cordially.

The tramp eyed the bulldog that was roving round the yard. The bulldog eyed him.

"Come right in," repeated the farmer's wife.

"I dunno about that," answered the tramp. "How 'bout the dog? Will he bite?"

"I don't know," said the farmer's wife. "I only got him to-day, and that's what I want to find out."

—*Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.*

The Canny Scot

HAD TO BE SHOWN—"Noo, tell me," said the Scotch customer, "is this hair restorer certain tae mak hair grow on a bald heid?"

"Yes, sir," said the druggist. "It will accomplish it in twenty-four hours."

"Weel," remarked the other, "that's nae lang tae wait. Just rub a little on yer ain bald place and I'll come in in the morning an' see if yer spekin' the truth."

—*Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.*

Absent-Minded Professor Again

Professor X, a very absent-minded man, was being shaved by the barber. After the operation he continued to occupy the chair, and the barber, thinking he had dozed off, said, "Asleep, sir?"

The professor started. "Bless me, no!" he exclaimed. "I am not asleep. The fact is I am frightfully near-sighted. When I took my glasses off I was no longer able to see myself in the mirror opposite and naturally I supposed I had already gone home."

—*Boston Transcript.*

Trouble With His Napkin?

"I'd like to see my wife go to the polls to vote."

"Are you so much opposed to suffrage?"

"It isn't that, but I'd like to enjoy hearing her called down good and hard for not knowing how to fold her ballot."

—*Baltimore American.*

Sparks of Laughter

And Why Not?

A little bird sat on a tree,
And hopped from limb to limb,
And kept his beady eye on me,
The while I looked at him.
I stood and watched him much amused—
Until a thought occurred
That it was very possible that I amused the bird.

—*Carnegie Tech. Puppet.*

Amen and Amen!

Courtlandt Bleecker, at a dinner in Bar Harbor, deplored the tendency toward immodesty that still persists in women's fashions.

"However," he said, and as he spoke he raised on high his sparkling glass of ginger ale—"however, we can always hope for the best, and so, ladies and gentlemen, I offer the toast:

"Here's to the low neck and the short skirts—may they never meet!"

—*Los Angeles Times.*

Gravely Humorous

We understand that The National Casket Company, having failed in their attempt to purchase for their exclusive use the slogan, "HAPPINESS IN EVERY BOX," is now negotiating with a prominent flour concern for all rights to the phrase: "EVENTUALLY—WHY NOT NOW?"

—*Advertising Club News.*

Perhaps It Is

"Ma, do cows and bees go to heaven?"
"Mercy, child, what a question! Why?"
"'Cause if they don't, the milk and honey the preacher said was up there must be canned stuff."

—*Judge.*

Within the Law

MR. GOODSOLE—Well, what do you want?
BENNY THE BUM—I wanna know kin I borry a red lantern off'n you? I find I gotta sleep in the street to-night an' I'll hafta warn the traffic to drive aroun' me.

—*Detroit Free Press.*

Skulls and Sculls

A Pink, as the parlor Bolsheviks are now called, got into an argument at a Philadelphia smoker with Editor George H. Lorimer. "We all work pretty much alike," said the Pink. "In other words, we all do the best we can. Therefore, I claim that we all ought to be paid alike, and that would abolish class distinction—rich and poor."

"I don't agree," said Editor Lorimer. "This equality idea leaves me cold."

"But," said the Pink, "don't we all, after all, row in the same boat?"

"Yes," said the editor, "but not with the same skulls."

—*Los Angeles Times.*

Yes, Your Honor—What?

Police Judge Cohen, quizzing John World, accused of assault and battery, asked, "Why did you hit this man?"

"Wha', judge," the negro began, "wha' would you all do if some one called ya' a 'kinky headed loafer'?"

"But I haven't got kinky hair," said the judge.

"Well," drawled World, "what would you all done if he called ya da kind of headed loafer dat you is?"

—*Toledo Blade.*

And Ought to Have Been

Uncle and niece stood watching the young people dancing about them.

"I bet you never saw any dancing like this back in the nineties, eh, Unkie?"

"Once—but the place was raided."

—*Judge.*

Excellently Defined

"What does it mean by 'being candid,' pa?"

"Speaking unto others as you would not like them to speak to you."

—*Boston Transcript.*

"Request Gladly Complied With"

Posted in a women's college by instructress in astronomy: "Any one wishing to look at Venus, please see me."

—*Boston Transcript.*

Taking the Joy Out of Life

Sign seen on Chicago Boulevard—"Autos will slow down to a walk."

Sign in London, Ohio—"Drive slow and see our town. Drive fast and see our jail."

—*Boston Transcript.*

Probably!

"I got my start in life in a grocery at three dollars a week, and yet I managed to save," announced the candidate.

Whereupon a voice from the audience queried, "Was that before the invention of cash registers?"

—*New York Times.*

A Keen Interpreter

"So she refused you?"

"That's the impression I received."

"Didn't she actually say no?"

"No, she didn't. All she said was 'Ha-ha-ha!'"

—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

He'll Make His Way

The scion of the family had acted so badly that punishment of some sort was necessary.

"Ernest," commanded his mother, "find a switch and bring it to me."

Shortly afterward the bright young man returned.

"I couldn't find a switch, mamma," he reported, "but here's a stone that you can throw at me."

—*American Legion Weekly.*

Neighborly Amenities

They were not exactly the friendliest of neighbors, and one day the following note came from Jones to Smith:

"Mr. Jones presents his compliments to Mr. Smith and asks will he kindly shoot his dog as he keeps Mr. Jones and his family awake?"

Whereupon Smith returned the following note:

"Mr. Smith presents his compliments to Mr. Jones and begs to inform the latter that he will be very glad to shoot his dog if Mr. Jones will poison his daughter and burn her piano."

—*New York World.*

And He Left Town by Airplane

Descriptive of a fair young bride, the editor wrote: "Her dainty feet were encased in shoes that might be taken for fairy boots." It appeared in print, "Her dirty feet were encased in shoes that might be taken for ferry boats."

—*Am. Insurance Journal.*

Wave the Face, Save the Fan

Among the Japanese economy is held to be a high virtue. Two elderly misers of Tokyo were one day discussing ways and means of saving.

"I manage to make a fan last about twenty years," said one, "and this is my system: I don't wastefully open the whole fan and wave it carelessly. I open only one section at a time. That is good for about one year. Then I open the next, and then the next, and so on until the fan is eventually used up."

"Twenty years for a good fan!" exclaimed the other. "What sinful extravagance! In my family we use a fan for two or three generations, and this is how we do it: we open the whole fan, but we don't wear it out by waving it. Oh, no! We hold it still, like this, under our nose, and wave our face!"

—*South African Times.*

Called Her Daughter "A Dog"

DAUGHTER—Shall I take an umbrella and post this letter, mother?

MOTHER—Stay right in the house. This night is not fit for a dog to be out. Let your father post the letter.

—*Success.*

Neat, But Cruel

Here's to the girls—the young ones!
Not too young,
For the good die young,
And nobody wants a dead one.

Here's to the girls—the old ones!
Not too old,
For the old dye, too—
And nobody wants a dyed one.

—*From Detroit.*

The Editor Again

Dan Holland loves his boy, and once wrote a poem dedicated to his small son. It began like this:

"My son, my pigmy counterpart."

When it was printed Dan sure had a kick coming. The printer got all the letters in, but it read:

"My son, my pig, my counterpart."

—*Vera, Vera Auld.*

A Banker Spanker

A young lady whose last name was Banker,
Fell asleep while the ship was at anchor;
She awoke in dismay when she heard the mate say,
"Boys, lift up the top-sheet and spanker!"

—*Flying About.*

The Waiter's Troubles

The genial waiter greeted the grouchy patron with the statement, "I have deviled kidneys, calves' liver, and pig's feet."

"What the deuce are your troubles to me?" said the grouch.
"I came here to eat."

—*Circulating.*

A Fair Settlement

A hungry traveler put his head out of a car-window as his train pulled up at a small station, and said to a boy:

"Here, boy, take this dime and get me a sandwich, will you? And, by the way, here's another dime. Get a sandwich for yourself, too."

The boy darted away and returned, munching a sandwich, just as the train was starting off. He ran to the traveler, handed him a dime, and said:

"Here's yer dime back, boss. They only had one sandwich left."

—*Washington Star.*

Who Would Be An Editor?

According to the Wichita *Eagle*, an editor in a near-by town has moved his press over against the door and is having his meals sent in at the window since he let this get by in a society item: "Mrs. Catt's popularity is evidenced by her mangy friends in this vicinity."

—*Kansas City Star.*

A Charted Duel

Pat and Murphy had both fallen in love with the same woman, and the only way of settling their feud appeared to be by means of a duel. Pistols were agreed upon—at twenty paces. Murphy, being exceedingly stout, scented an unfair advantage in favor of his very lean rival. "Bedad," he said, "I'm twice as big a target as he is, so I ought to stand twice as far away from him as he is from me." Pat's second saw the point at once. "That's thre for ye," he agreed. "But there's no need for ye to move further away. I'll put the matter right." Taking a piece of chalk from his pocket, he drew two chalk lines down the stout man's coat, leaving a space between them. "Now," he said, turning to his opponent, "fire away, ye spaldeen, and remember that any hits outside the chalk lines don't count as hits."

—*Traveling Twenty Years at Least.*

Zigzag Zigzagged Zigzag

"A police court isn't all grim and sordid," remarked Judge White the other day. "Sometimes something really funny happens. Not so very long ago a chauffeur was brought in after having run down a man.

"Didn't you know that if you struck this pedestrian he would be seriously injured?" I asked.

"Yes, sir," replied the chauffeur.

"Then why didn't you zigzag your car and miss him?"

"He was zigzagging himself and outguessed me, Your Honor," was the answer.

—*Yonkers Statesman.*

Mother Throws Mean Hammer

Mother and father were sitting in the resting room one night when little Willie suddenly glanced up from his school books.

"Say, mamma," he exclaimed, "the teacher was talking to a class about evolution or something like that to-day, and I want to ask you a question."

"Yes, dear," replied mother, turning to the youngster, "what is it?"

"I want to know, mamma," said the youngster, "if I am descended from monkeys."

"I don't really know, Willie," answered mother, with a quiet little smile. "I never saw any of your father's people."

—*Philadelphia Telegraph.*

When Willie's Near His Creator

It was evening and several callers were chatting in the parlor, when a patter of little feet was heard at the head of the stairs. Mrs. K. raised her hand for silence. "Hush, the children are going to deliver their good night message," she said softly. "It always gives me a feeling of reverence to hear them. They are so much nearer the Creator than we are, and they speak the love that is in their little hearts never so fully as when the dark has come. Listen!" There was a moment of tense silence. Then—"Mama," came the message in a shrill whisper, "Willie found a bedbug."

—*Old But Good.*

They Did! Glory Be!

"My dear, you mustn't let anybody read that letter from cousin George at the front. I'm surprised that he'd write such things."

"What's the matter with his letter? It's mighty interesting."

"Some parts of it are, but his confessions of his disgraceful conduct are dreadful. I wouldn't for the world have any one know of his doings."

"I don't get you at all."

"Didn't you read that part of his letter where he says he was out with a British tank last night, and they rolled all over the place?"

—*Detroit Free Press.*

Do You Compulse Yours?

"You sign this deed of your own free will, do you, madam?" asked the lawyer.

"What do you mean by that?" demanded the large, florid-faced woman, looking threateningly upon the lawyer.

"I mean there has been no compulsion on the part of your husband. Has there?"

"Him?" she ejaculated, turning to look at the little, meek man sitting behind her. "Frederick? I'd like to see him compulse me."

—*Youth's Companion.*

Doing Her Darndest

HATTIE: Nubb's bride worships him, doesn't she?

MATTIE: Well, she places burnt offerings before him three times a day.

—*Life.*

In Your Ain Toon, Noo?

A Londoner in Scotland had need of legal assistance. He went up to a sensible-looking man in the street and began: "Pardon me, sir; but are you a resident of this town?"

"Weel," was the cautious reply, "I've leeved here a matter o' fifty years."

"Ah, then, perhaps, you can help me," went on the visitor. "I'm looking for a criminal lawyer. Have you one in this town?"

The Scotsman dropped his voice to a confidential whisper as he answered:

"We has, but we hinna been able to prove it against him yet. He's ower sharp."

—*Tit-Bits.*

Ananias First Told This

A bricklayer was laying bricks on the third story of an unfinished house, and unfortunately dropped a brick on the head of a colored man who was mixing mortar down below.

The bricklayer, his heart in his mouth, craned over the parapet. He thought he had killed the poor colored man. But the latter looked up at him with a good-natured and forgiving grin.

"Hey! what you doin', white man?" he shouted. "You made me bite mah tongue!"

—*Washington Star.*

Willing to Be Reasonable

A woman who was troubled with chronic nightmare and who frequently cried out in her sleep, advertised for room and board "with a family who would not object to screaming in the night." Among the answers she received was one which asked, "How often would you require us to scream?"

—*Boston Transcript.*

He Couldn't, Could He?

As Softed was walking down the street one morning he met an Irish friend who told him that he had just received a letter saying that his sister had been blessed with an addition to the family.

"Boy or girl?" asked Softed.

"That's just phwat is bothering me," was the reply. "Bedad, they don't say in the letter, and now I don't know whether I'm an uncle or an aunt."

—*Chicago News.*

Our George's Real Status

"Who was George Washington, Nellie?" asked the teacher of a little girl in the primary department.

"He was Mrs. Washington's second husband," was the unexpected reply.

—*American Boy.*

Her Retort

Central, who tried to get the number for him, appeared to be inexperienced or asleep. Ordinarily the most patient of men, he finally lost his patience.

"Look here," he shouted, "either get me 1234 or give me some place where I may at least talk to my intellectual equal."

Silence for a moment, and then over the wire came a loud "Hello!" in a man's voice.

Mr. Brownlow was much relieved.

"What place is that?" he asked.

"The hospital for the insane," came the answer.

—*Liverpool Mercury.*

Anatomy in England

At a high school examination in England the following definition was given to anatomy: Anatomy is the human body, which consists of three parts—the head, the chist and the stummick. The head contains the eyes and brains, if any; the chist contains the lungs and a piece of liver; the stummick is devoted to the bowels, of which there are five—a, e, i, o, u, and sometimes w and y.

—*Push.*

A Trifle Extra, Pat

The photographer's clerk was very preoccupied in showing some samples of work to prospective sitters when Patrick Maloney stalked into the studio and intimated that he would like to know what the pictures were worth.

"Like that, five shillings a dozen," said the girl, handing him one.

Pat gazed long and earnestly at the photograph of a very small baby sitting in a wash basin.

"Shure, now," Pat shyly asked, "phwat would it cost wid me clothes on?"

—*Globetrotter.*

Should Think He Couldn't!

In a crowded omnibus a stout lady vainly endeavored to get her fare out of the pocket of her cloak, which was tightly buttoned as a protection to pickpockets. After she had been trying without effect for some minutes, a gentleman seated on her right said:

"Please allow me to pay your fare."

The lady declined with some anger, and renewed her attacks on the pocket. After some little time the gentleman again said:

"You really must let me pay your fare. You have already unbuttoned my suspenders three times and I can't stand it any longer."

—*Medical Insurance.*

"A Little Lower Than the Angels"

Private Smithers, after having been nursed back to health in an army hospital where he had been suffering from shell shock, expressed his gratitude to his nurse in this way:

"Thank you very much, ma'am, for your kindness. I shan't never forget it. If there ever was a fallen angel, you're one."

—*The Home Sector.*

Preposterous!

BUD: Say, if I invite a girl to the theatre, send her flowers to wear, take her down in a taxi, and treat her to a supper after the play, should I kiss her good-night?

GOB: *Damn it!—NO! You've done enough for her!*

—*On Every Tongue.*

Strictly on Approval

"Shall I bring you some dinner?" asked the steward of the ship.

"Yes, you may bring me one on approval," replied the passenger as he gazed over the bounding deep. "I may not want to keep it."

—*Around.*

Licked Instead of Licking

Shoeless, he climbed the stairs, opened the door of the room, entered, and closed it after him without being detected. Just as he was about to get into bed his wife, half-aroused from slumber, turned and sleepily said: "Is that you, Fido?" The husband telling the rest of the story, said: "For once in my life I had real presence of mind. I licked her hand."

—*Many Tongues.*

"Eyes Front!"

"All right back there?" bawled the conductor.

"Hol' on, hol' on," shrilled a feminine voice. "Jes wait till I gets mah clothes on."

And then, as the entire carful craned their necks expectantly, she entered with a basket of laundry.

—*Around the Country.*

Kissing an Adder

Things were slack in the office, as the manager was on a holiday. The chief clerk, therefore, thought it was his chance of wooing the stenographer.

"Just one kiss," he begged fervently.

"Certainly not!" replied the girl coldly. "I'd as soon kiss a snake as you!"

"That's all right, then," said the man calmly. "I saw you kiss a snake yesterday."

"W-w-what!"

"Yes, you kissed the bookkeeper, and he's an adder, you know."

—*Answers.*

The Jolly Pedagogue

The typical college professor no doubt is, as he is credited with being, highly pedagogical. But also, to his praise be it said, nine times out of ten he has a sense of humor which makes him love a joke just as much as his unpedagogical brethren.

One such jocular pedagogue was one day asked by a student if he would like a good recipe for catching rabbits.

"Why, yes," replied the professor. "What is it?"

"Well, you crouch down behind a stone wall and make a noise like a turnip."

"That may be," responded the professor with a twinkle in his eyes, "but a better way than that would be for you to go and sit quietly in a bed of cabbage heads and look natural."

—*Author Murdered.*

A Cannibalistic Lily

LADY (to colored servant)—I've told you several times, Lily, to put your hand over your mouth when you yawn.

LILY—Yas'm, but I got bit the last time I tried it.

—*Ancient.*

Sparks of Laughter

The King's Sausages

The story of the rival boot-makers, which appeared recently, is matched by a correspondent of an English paper with another story, equally old but equally worth repeating. It concerns two rival sausage-makers. Again, they lived on opposite sides of a certain street, and, one day, one of them placed over his shop the legend:

"We sell sausages to the gentry and nobility of the country."

The next day, over the way, appeared the sign:

"We sell sausages to the gentry and nobility of the whole country."

Not to be outdone, the rival put up what he evidently regarded as a final statement, namely:

"We sell sausages to the King."

Next day there appeared over the door of the first sausage-maker the simple expression of loyalty:

"God save the King."

—*Christian Science Monitor.*

"Shortest Way Home"

PATSY: Mom, won't yer gimme candy, now?

Mrs. CASEY: Didn't Oi tell ye Oi wouldn't give ye anny at all if ye didn't kape still?

"Yes'm, but——"

"Well, the longer ye kape still the sooner ye'll get it."

—*Michigan Gargoyle.*

Human Tapeline

"Golly, but I'se tiuh'd," sighed Eph Johnson's oldest.

"What you-all been a-doin'?" asked his pal 'Rasmus.

"Well, you see," explained young Eph, "Paw's settin' fence posts, and I'm just five feet tall. So I'se been a-lyin' down and a-gettin' up all around his ten-acre field, so's he kin measure posts ten feet apart."

—*Country Gentleman.*

Everybody!

The old lady in the confectionery store was growing impatient at the lack of service. Finally she rapped sharply on the counter. "Here, young lady," she called, "who waits on the nuts?"

—*Push.*

Slighting the Judge

Two lawyers before a probate judge recently got into a wrangle. At last one of the disputants, losing control over his emotions, exclaimed to his opponent:

"Sir, you are, I think, the biggest ass that I ever had the misfortune to set eyes upon."

"Order! Order!" said the judge, gravely. "You seem to forget that I am in the room."

—*An Old Traveler.*

Their Turn in Hell

A captain in the merchant marine who received much commendation for his wonderful courage and endurance during the war was asked to address a meeting in the West. Ex-President Taft spoke first and at considerable length, and when he had finished the audience rose, almost to a man, to leave the building. The chairman sprang to his feet, rushed to the edge of the platform, and called excitedly: "Come back and take your seats. Come back, every one of you! This man went through hell for us during the war, and it is up to us now to do the same for him."

—*Christian Register.*

Cannon Fodder

Uncle Joe Cannon is a great lover of green corn. One day he took one of his Illinois farmer constituents to dinner with him in Washington. Cannon made his dinner on green corn, eating seven ears. The farmer asked him how much board cost at the Willard. Cannon replied: "Six dollars a day."

"Well, Joe," said the farmer constituent, "don't you think it would be cheaper for you to board at a livery stable?"

—*Ubiquitous.*

Hot Coffee—Promise or Threat?

They had plighted their troth, and were talking things over. They both decided to be quite unlike other married couples—forbearing and long-suffering and patient with each other.

"No!" said the man. "I shall not be like other husbands who get cross and bang things about if the coffee is cold!"

"If you ever did," said the girl sweetly, "I would make it hot for you!"

And the man wondered what she meant.

—*Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.*

"Empty is the Cradle—Baby's Gone"

Hubby had been celebrating, and arrived home in the small hours feeling rather dubious of his reception.

Absolute stillness reigned, however, and with a load off his mind he hurried shoeless to the cradle and commenced rocking it energetically with the air of a man who had been at his post for hours.

"What are you doing there, James?" queried his strong-minded spouse, awakened.

"I've been sitting here nearly two hours trying to get baby to sleep!" he growled in return.

"That's strange," remarked his wife. "Baby is here in bed with me."

—*Answers.*

What's Your Fee?

In a confidential little talk to a group of medical students an eminent physician took up the extremely important matter of correct diagnosis of the maximum fee.

"The best rewards," he said, "come, of course, to the established specialist. For instance, I charge \$25 a call at the residence, \$10 for an office consultation, and \$5 for a telephone consultation."

There was an appreciative and envious silence, and then a voice from the back of the amphitheatre, slightly thickened, spoke:

"Doc," it asked, "how much do you charge a fellow for passing you on the street?"

—*Chicago Journal.*

"We Pause for a Reply!"

A London temperance orator was in the habit of holding forth in a workman's hall, and was constantly being interrupted.

The next time he lectured in that hall he engaged a prize-fighter to sit in the gallery and keep order. He was contrasting the clean content of home life with the squalor of drunkenness.

"What do we want when we return from our daily toil?" he asked. "What do we desire to ease our burdens, to gladden our hearts, to bring smiles to our lips and joy to our eyes?"

As the orator paused for breath the prize-fighter shook his fist at the unruly members of the gallery and whispered in a loud undertone:

"Mind yer, the first bloke what says 'beer,' out he goes!"

—*Everybody's.*

"My Daughter, O My Daughter!"

(From the Indianapolis Star)

ROOM AND BOARD—Modern, home privileges; gentleman preferred. Daughter wishes congenial room mate. Woodruff —.

—*Conning Tower, N. Y. Tribune.*

At Least as Deadly as the Male

A foppish young man who could only find a seat next to a fish-wife, in a north of Scotland smoking carriage, expressed his disgust by many disdainful glances. At length the woman remarked:

"I'll bet ye, my manny, you an' me's baith thinking the same thing."

"What is that, woman?" demanded the youth haughtily.

"You are wishing you was sitting next a gentleman?"

"I am, indeed," replied the young man.

"So am I," the fishwife replied calmly.

—*Pearson's Weekly.*

Only Wanted to "Yump"

A stalwart Swede stepped into a corner drug store. "I bane sick," said he to the clerk. "And I want some viskey."

"Nothing doing," answered the clerk. "Don't you know the country's dry? But," he added, "you might be able to get some squirrel whiskey over there at that saloon."

Across the street the big Swede made known his wants.

"Squirrel whiskey," yelled the astonished proprietor, "we don't have such a thing, but," in a whisper, "I can fix you up with a little 'Old Crow.'" The Swede shook his head, "I no want to fly," he answered, "I yoost want to yump around a while."

—*A Hundred Publications.*

"That's Where My Money Goes"

"Did Fisher have a good time on his little outing?" "Yes, indeed. I only saw him for a minute, and had no time to ask any questions, but I could see that the skin was peeling off from his nose, his neck was so sore from the sunburns that he could not wear a collar, his hands were blistered so that he could hardly use them, and he complained that he had rowed the boat until his arms were so lame that he couldn't hold a pen. Oh, he must have had a magnificent time!"

—*Exchange.*

As Old as Eden

A Cambridge undergraduate, contrary to regulations, was entertaining his sister, when they heard some one on the stairs. Hastily hiding his sister behind a curtain, he went to the door and confronted an aged man who was revisiting the scenes of his youth, and was desirous of seeing his old rooms.

Obtaining permission, he looked round, and remarked, "Ah, yes, the same old room." Going to the window, he said, "The same old view"; and peeping behind the curtain, he exclaimed, "The same old game!"

"My sister, sir," said the student.

"Oh, yes," said the visitor, "the same old story!"

—*Tit-Bits (London)*.

Modern Three-Ball Service

A pawnbroker in a small town was awakened in the middle of the night by a furious knocking at his shop door. He opened his window and looked out.

"Wh-w-what's the matter?" he asked breathlessly.

"Come down," demanded the stranger.

"Who are—?"

"Come down!" interrupted the other.

The pawnbroker hastened downstairs and peeped round the door. "Now, sir," he demanded.

"I wan'sh to know the time!" said the bibulous one.

"You blinking idiot. Do you mean to say you woke me up for that? How dare you?"

The midnight visitor looked injured.

"Well, you've got my watch," he explained.

—*Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph*.

Patriot's Plea for Patronage

"Good advertising," says a man well up in that line, "benefits any form of business. The right sort of advertising gives you a friendly feeling toward a firm. It makes you believe that it will be both pleasant and profitable to deal with the advertiser. A certain grocer once inserted in the newspapers an advertisement that had this merit. It ran:

"Twins are come to me for the third time. This time a boy and a girl. I beseech my friends to support me stoutly."

—*Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph*.

Idealization of Nature

This is a true story of an adventure of two lady artists in sunny Spain.

They were walking, and arrived at a little country inn, hot, dusty and thirsty. They couldn't talk Spanish, but wanted some milk badly, so one of them drew a most beautiful high-arty cow, while the other jingled some coins.

The Spaniards looked, and a boy was sent off post-haste.

In half an hour the boy returned, hot and triumphant—with two tickets for a bullfight.

—*Town Topics (London)*.

Crows Crow Over Scarecrow

The bucolic one had been asked his opinion of scarecrows.

"No good at all," he grunted—"leastways, against the crows in this district! Only last year we put up what we thought was a fine scarecrow—a man pointing a gun."

"Well, what happened?"

"Why, all the crows in the world seemed to be feeding in that field, and whilst one crow perched on the gun and worked the trigger, another was falling down, pretending to be shot."

—*Answers (London)*.

Very Far Wrong?

She was a little maid of ten years, flitting butterfly-like through the National Gallery. For some seconds she had stood, however, gazing at a picture by Nicolas Poussin, thus described in the catalogue: "Centre, nymphs and fauns dancing; right, a satyr embracing a nymph; left, two infant bacchanals, one raising a bowl," etc. Suddenly she caught sight of the first words on the frame, and, turning to her mother, exclaimed: "Mummie! Do look! Isn't this funny? It's a French School!"

—*London Morning Post*.

Aarons' Perfect Fire

Aarons had had a beautiful fire, a perfect fire. Curtains, hung ostensibly to keep dust from the shelves, had served to carry the flames right round the warehouse. Into the blackened shop stepped Umpstein, full of condolences. "A bad job, Aarons, mein friend," he said—"a bad job." "Bad job!" ejaculated Aarons. "See here, how would you improve on it?"

—*Bulletin (Sydney)*.

Some Must Kill, Some Must Mop

MR. BACON—I see that the Bedouin marriage does not take much time. It is said that the bridegroom cuts the throat of a sheep and spills the blood on his father-in-law's threshold, and it is all over.

MRS. BACON—No, it is not, either. Don't you forget that somebody's got to clean up the mess, and I suppose, of course, it's the poor bride.

—*Yonkers Statesman.*

And the Banker Climbed Down

A New York silk merchant went to the bank to get his note renewed.

"I am sorry," said the banker, "but it will be absolutely impossible for me to renew your note."

The silk merchant's face paled. After a moment of thought he looked up at the banker and said:

"Were you ever in the silk business?"

"Why, of course not," answered the banker.

"Well, you're in it now," said the silk merchant as he picked up his hat and started toward the door. The banker called him back.

—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

If You Are a Toastmaster

An author who has helped to make a portion of New England famous presided at a banquet in a suburban town some nights ago. He had fittingly eulogized the principal guest of the evening, and in conclusion told this story:

"An old farmer drove into town one day, and, going into a feed store, bought half a peck of oats. Stabling his horse by the side of the road, he gave him a royal lunch. When it was ended the farmer hitched up, got into the buggy, took up the lines and addressed the nag, 'Now that you've been fed, git up!'"

The toastmaster turned and looked at the guest for a moment, and sat down.

—*Saturday Evening Post.*

Oh, Yes—They Do It

SOCIOLOGY PROFESSOR (to student): Mr. H—, I can't blame you for looking at your watch while I'm lecturing, but I do object to your holding it to your ear to make sure it hasn't stopped.

—*Chicago Tribune.*

A Pal of Bob's

The census-taker had asked many questions and Mike was tired of answering them.

"And what is your religious belief?" the suave census man continued.

"God forgive me, but I'm an atheist," said Mike.

—*Everybody's.*

More Manners Than Man Has

"Madam," said a man standing in the street car, "why do you persist in punching me with your umbrella?"

"I want to make you look around so I can thank you for giving me your seat. Now, sir, don't go off and say that women haven't any manners."

—*Boston Transcript.*

Must Meet Him in Heaven

"Did you hear about Blick proposing again to his divorced wife?"

"No; what did she say?"

"Said she couldn't think of marrying a man whose first wife was still living."

—*Boston Transcript.*

Fight It Out!

The Irish lad and the Yiddish boy were engaged in verbal combat. Finally the subject came down to their respective churches.

"I guess I know that Father Harrity knows more than your Rabbi," the little Irish boy insisted.

"Shure, he does; vy not?" replied the Jewish boy. "You tell him everything."

—*Boxing Blade.*

Why Not?

NEW FLOORWALKER (after being called down) : You know I'm very new on the job.

SUPERINTENDENT: But please remember that our executive and advertising offices are in the rear of the store; and when a man wants to know where the publicity department is, don't send him to the ladies' hosiery counter.

—*Cartoons.*

Blessed Are the Peacemakers

Commenting on the statement of a London suffragist that "only women can keep men out of war," Colonel George Bailey says:

"Of course. All nature proves that. Let two roosters occupy a lot and they will be friendly. Let one little brown hen fly over, and the fight is on."

—*Atlanta Constitution.*

He Got It

A convict in the Kansas penitentiary has asked the Governor for a pardon on the plea that he fears he will corrupt his fellow inmates. He finds, he says, from what the others say, that he is the only guilty man behind the bars.

—*New York Morning Telegraph.*

Using the Movie Strutter

"How didja get yore kids to take them deep-breathin' exercises their teacher was tellin' me about?" inquired Mrs. Jeter of her better or worser.

"Got 'em to actin' like they was leadin' men in a pitcher show," answered Clem.

—*Barber County (Kan.) Index.*

A Gilded Topnotcher!

"Dr. Pillers seems to be a fashionable physician."

"I should say so! He has patients at some of the most expensive health resorts in America and a waiting list of people whose health will give way as soon as they get money enough to consult him."

—*Birmingham Age-Herald.*

"Honor Thy Father," etc.

The following recently appeared in a Chicago newspaper's advertising columns:

"If Wilbur Blank, who deserted his wife and babe twenty years ago, will return, said babe will knock his block off."

—*American Legion Weekly.*

And Seeing Was Believing

AFFABLE CLERGYMAN, in street car, to little boy: Who's got nice, round chubby legs?

LITTLE BOY: Mummy!

—*Bystander (London).*

But Leave the Squeal

Sign on a Western farm: "Hunters, Take Notice: Hunt all you durn please and when you hear the horn blow come to the house for dinner. If the quail are scarce kill a chicken or two, and if you can't get any squirrels, kill a hog."

—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

Nor Hair Grower If Bald

LADY (at fruit stand): Yes, but aren't these gooseberries rather dirty?

MERCHANT (sarcastically): Dirty! Think a bloke can wash 'em and part their 'air in the middle for fourpence a pound these 'ard times?

—*Bulletin (Sydney).*

Chicago's Harsh Justice

CHICAGO JUDGE: So you murdered your whole family, eh? Thirty days.

PRISONER: Don't be so hard on me, your honor. It was just a small family.

—*Nashville Tennessean.*

Financial Economists

THE MARRIED MAN (to friend): I tell you this in all frankness. My wife and I have calculated we can save at least one hundred dollars a month by not insisting that our friends stay to dinner.

—*L'Illustration (Paris).*

Who Wouldn't?

"Hasn't Boobs any rights whatsoever around his own house? He is the most henpecked man I ever saw."

"Well, he does appear a little rough when he is feeding the gold fish."

—*Florida Times-Union.*

"This Brave Knight, in Armor Bright"

"Oh, Estelle, wouldn't you like to have been made love to by an old-time knight?"

"Nix on that, kiddo—sitting on an iron knee never appealed to me."

—*Florida Times-Union.*

A Godly Bricklayer

BRICKLAYER: 'Op it—we can't 'ave you a-blowin' that trumpet round 'ere.

BOY SCOUT: Why?

BRICKLAYER: "Tain't safe—you know wot 'appened to the walls of Jericho, don't yer?"

—*Tit-Bits (London)*.

A Lower Optimist

Peter Lower was digging away at the weeds in his potato patch. "Makes it harder to have the weeds so thick, don't it?" remarked Lem Beebe, leaning over the fence.

"Nope; easier," declared Pete; "you don't have to walk so far to the next weed."

—*Everybody's*.

Rogues' Roguish Repartee

There were two convicts, one in for stealing a watch, the other for stealing a cow. They disliked each other, and their conversation was full of innuendo.

Thus the man who had stolen the cow said to the man who had stolen the watch:

"Jim, what time is it?"

"Milking time, Joe."

—*Cottonyarns*.

No Soul to Lose

"Say, Sam, why do you-all carry that parrot around with you on the wagon?"

"Well, yo' see, boss, I'se a membah of the chu-ch, but de mule ain't, so I hauls the pa'ot to fu-nish the cussin' fo' de mule."

Quite Human

A negro registrant from a farming district was called to service. Arriving in town, he found the local board had moved to another street. At the new address another negro languished in the doorway.

"Is dis whar de redemtion bo'd is at?" queried the newcomer.

"Sho' is," answered the second. "But de blessed redeemer done gone out fo' lunch."

—*American Legion Weekly*.

“While the Going’s Good”

CONDUCTOR (new to the job): I’m sure the old boy just here has paid his fare twice. Think I had better tell him about it?

MOTORMAN: No-o! Ask him for it again.

—*Bulletin (Sydney)*.

Sure, Joe!

From the “Want” columns of an Oregon paper:

STOLED OR RUND AVAY—Been loose him bout two tree veeks now, hees almost black and white dog him tail cut off pritty close to my body. If somebotty find her, keep it, i belong to him.

—*Joe Boredream, in San Francisco Chronicle.*

A Decorated Abdomen

A well-known admiral—a stickler for uniform—stopped opposite a very portly sailor whose medal-ribbon was an inch or so too low down. Fixing the man with his eye, the admiral asked: “Did you get that medal for eating, my man?”

On the man replying “No, sir,” the admiral rapped out: “Then why the deuce do you wear it on your stomach?”

—*Tit-Bits (London)*.

Perhaps They Did

“Of course,” observed the superior person, “the homage paid to the Unknown Soldier is a good idea, but it would have been better to grant a pension to his poor old mother.”

—*Carnival (Barcelona)*.

Uhuh?

MOTHER: I’ve tried so hard to make you a good child, Margaret, and yet in spite of all my efforts you are still rude and naughty.

MARGARET (deeply moved): What a failure you are, mother.

—*London Weekly Telegraph*.

Prophylactic Rivalry

Recently a lady dentist was trying to impress upon a group of mothers the necessity of making the children clean their teeth. “Oh! I don’t ‘ave to tell my Rose and D’isy!” declared one good lady. “It’s a fight between ‘em which shall ‘ave the tooth-brush fust.”

—*London Opinion*.

Sparks of Laughter

Ab-so-lute-ly Hopeless

BREATHLESS VISITOR: Doctor, can you help me? My name is Jones —

DOCTOR: No, I'm sorry; I simply can't do anything for that.

—*Bulletin (Sydney)*.

Hellbent!

After a sermon by an old colored preacher, one of the brethren said to him:

"Br'er Jenkins, how fur off, you reckon, hell is?"

"How old is you, Br'er Thomas?" asked the preacher.

"Well, suh, ef I don't miss my kalkerlations I is sixty-fo'."

"Well," said the preacher, "w'en you wuz born inter dis worl', hell wuz jes' sixty-fo' years off, an' all I got ter say is, ef you ain't in sight er it now, it ain't yo' fault!"

—*Atlanta Constitution*.

Devilish Courage

Two little boys who prided themselves on their courage were sitting over the nursery fire and discussing apparitions. "But," said one very confidentially, "shouldn't you really be in a most awful funk if you did see a ghost—a most evil-looking one, I mean?" "Good gracious, no!" was the boastful reply. "I should just say, carelessly, in a throaty voice, 'Good evening, Devil, going strong? what?'"

—*London Morning Post*.

Kitchen Innards

It was a small cafe and the customer overheard this from the waiter:

"Don't throw that toast into the alley, chef. I gotta customer for a club sandwich."

—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

Those Halcyon Days

The June groom had returned to work. About the middle of the second week the telephone rang as usual, and the stenographer said: "Your wife wishes to talk with you, Mr. Green." "Tell her I'm very busy now," he replied, "and cannot leave to come to the telephone, but be sure to add that I love her just as much as ever."

—*Argonaut*.

Mose's Mouthful

Mose Johnson was under sentence of death in a Kentucky jail, and as the fateful day drew near he grew very nervous about it. His keeper, a sympathetic man, suggested that Mose's only hope lay in an appeal to the governor. As Mose could not write, the keeper offered to write a letter from dictation.

Mose, after collecting his thoughts very earnestly for a full five minutes, dictated the following:

"Dear Marse Guv'nah: They's fixin' to hang me come this Friday, and here it am Tuesday. Mose Johnson."

—*Everybody's.*

Taking Her Pick

Jim Peters was very much in love but too bashful to propose. Finally, he decided to pop the question by telephone.

"Maggie, I love you," he breathed, softly. "Will you marry me?"

There was a moment's hesitation before the answer came.

"Of course I will, George. Why didn't you come and ask me, you simpleton?"

And Jim yelled back:

"You'll have to break the news to him yourself. I'll be darned if I will!"

Lloyd George's Station

The new guard was not familiar with a certain railway run in Wales. Came a station which rejoiced in the name Llanfairfechanpwllgogerych. For a few minutes he stood looking at the sign-board in mute helplessness. Then pointing to the board, and waving his other arm toward the carriages, he called, "If there's anybody there for here, this is it!"

—*Christian Register.*

Quick and the Dead

A colored man in Chattanooga, Tenn., wrote this letter to a colored man in Macon, Ga.:

"Dear Sam: Is you dead or is you alive? If you is alive, send me that ten dollars you owes me.—George."

A week later George received this reply:

"Dear George: I is dead, and that ten dollars was used to help buy my coffin.—Sam."

—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

Blood Thicker Than Garlic

When John McCormack was singing in grand opera, as Signor Foli, some years ago, he had on one occasion to sing from a stage balcony which was hardly strong enough to support so heavy a man. The stage manager told off two assistants to hold it up from beneath, but before Signor Foli was more than half through one of the men below said, "Be jabers, Moike, the Oitalian is mighty heavy!"

"Let's drop him, Pat; he's only an Oitalian, after all."

Voice of Signor Foli above: "Will ye, ye divils, will ye?"

"Tare an' 'ounds, Pat, but he's an Oirishman! Hould him up for the loife of yez!"

—*Boston Transcript.*

A Bolshevik Applicant

It is related that when Judge Benjamin Toppan, of Ohio, who died in the early '70's, applied for admission to the bar of that State he was asked just two questions: "Mr. Toppan, what is law?" was the first of these.

"An unjust distribution of justice," replied the applicant.

"What is equity?" was the second.

"A damned imposition upon common sense!"

He was received into the brotherhood with open arms.

—*New York Evening Post.*

Ha! Hah! Har!—He! He! He!

BIG MAN IN AUDIENCE (turning round): Can't you see anything?

LITTLE MAN (pathetically): Can't see a streak of the stage.

BIG MAN (sarcastically): Why, then I'll tell you what to do. You keep your eye on me and laugh when I do.

—*Pearson's Weekly (London).*

Destiny's Kid

A business man advertised for an office boy. The next morning there were some fifty boys in line. He was about to begin examining the applicants when his stenographer handed him a card on which was scribbled:

"Don't do anything until you see me. I'm the last kid in line, but I'm telling you I'm there with the goods."

—*Everybody's.*

Knew the Ropes and Route

THE DRUNK: Good ol' private stock from muh l'il ol' cellar.
Whoopee! Home, James!

THE CHAUFFEUR: That wasn't your private stock, sir. I saw you buy it from a bootlegger. You've forgotten, sir.

THE DRUNK: Aw right. Hospital, James!

THE CHAUFFEUR: And it was a strange bootlegger—one you didn't know.

THE DRUNK: Morgue, James, morgue!

—*Barrie Payne, in Nashville Tennessean.*

"Don't Gibe"

VISITOR: I would like to get you to teach me to sail a boat.

BOATMAN: Sail a boat! Why, it's easy as swimmin'. Jest grasp the main sheet with one hand, an' the tiller with the other, an' if a squall strikes, ease up or bring 'er to, an' loose the halyards, but look out fer the gaff an' boom, or the hull thing'll be in the water, an' ye'll be upset; but if the wind is steady y'r all right, unless y'r too slow in luffin', 'cause then ye'll be upset sure. Jump right in an' try it; but, remember, whatever ye do, don't gibe!

—*Pearson's Weekly (London).*

New York's Banditry Fashion

The bandits rushed into the United Cigar store, felled the clerks with blackjacks and ransacked the place leisurely.

Then they leaned against the counter and waited for the clerks to regain consciousness. Presently the head clerk regained his senses . . . he peered up at the bandits and demanded, "Well, what are you waiting for?"

The head bandit looked down at him in scorn.

"Coupons!" he replied with a sneer.

—*New York Globe.*

Penitential Reformation

It was visiting day at the jail and the uplifters were on deck.

"My good man," said one kindly lady, "I hope that since you have come here you have had time for meditation and have decided to correct your faults."

"I have that, mum," replied the prisoner in heartfelt tones. "Believe me, the next job I pull, this baby wears gloves."

—*American Legion Weekly.*

Sparks of Laughter

Learning His Trade

The cub reporter was grinding out a marriage notice. Finally he brought it up and laid it on the city editor's desk:

"Mr. and Mrs. Blank announce to-day the marriage of their daughter to take place next Monday—"

"Huh," grunted the editor, "you can't say they announced a marriage yet to take place."

Again the cub jabbed away at his typewriter. And when he brought it back this time it read:

"Mr. and Mrs. Blank predicted to-day the marriage of their daughter."

—*New York Evening Post.*

Finish 'Em in Next World

I once knew a man named Mart Towne, who was wasting away with illness. Meeting him one day, I suggested a remedy.

"I can't try your suggestion for some time," he replied in a weak voice, "so many others are in ahead of you."

The man died before he got round to my remedy. Here was a man who had had good advice for years, yet he grew thinner steadily, and finally died with a great stock of good advice on hand he had been unable to try.

—From "The Anthology of Another Town," by E. W. Howe (Knopf).

A Shining Revenge

"Two young bootblacks, whose stands are close together on Tremont Street, quarreled the other day," said a clever paragrapher in *Wroe's Writings*. "I'll get even wit' that guy yet," vowed the smaller of the two.

"'Goin' to fight him, are ye, Jimmie?' he was asked.

"'Naw,' said Jimmie, 'but when he gets troo polishin' a gent, I'm goin' to say ter that gent, soon's he steps off the chair, "Shine, sir? Shine?"'"

—*Argus (Seattle).*

Can You "G. & B."?

A pretty good firm is Watch & Waite,
And another is Attit, Early & Layte;
And still another is Doo & Dairet;
But the best is probably Grin & Barrett.

—*Sherwood Music School News.*

Dental Delights

Two dentists were talking "shop."

One remarked:

"My treatment is so painless that it often happens that my patients fall asleep while I am attending to their teeth."

The other dentist gave a deprecating shrug of his shoulders.

"Pooh, pooh, my dear man! That is nothing!" he cried. "You should see my place with all the latest improvements. Why, my patients nearly always ask me to send a message to fetch a photographer so that they can be photographed with the expression of gladness which my patent dental treatment alone can give them."

—*Answers (London)*.

Why Slam "Hello?"

Little Bessie, aged five, after calling her mother several times during the night and receiving no reply, said: "Mother, are you really asleep or are you just p'tending you're a telephone girl?"

—*Boston Transcript*.

Excused!

We'd seen the name of "Betelgeuse,"
That giant star so far away,
But didn't know it was a star
Until we found it out to-day.
So "Betelgeuse" is just a star!
We thought it was a Pullman car.

—*Brooklyn Eagle*.

Deary!

LITTLE GIRL: Papa, it's raining.

PAPA (whose temper is somewhat ruffled): Well, let it rain.

LITTLE GIRL (timidly): I was going to, papa.

—*Pearson's Weekly (London)*.

Where There's a Will

"So you got your poem printed?"

"Yes," replied the author. "I sent the first stanza to the editor of the Correspondence Column with the inquiry, 'Can anyone give me the rest of this poem?' Then I sent in the complete poem over another name!"

—*Christian Register*.

Sparks of Laughter

Woman! The Myriad Countenance

The woman in the crowded downtown department store wore a very irritated expression on her face.

"I've been waiting such a long time," she complained to one of the clerks.

"Sorry, madam," he said, "but we must take our customers as they come."

"Wretched service!" the woman was heard to mutter.

"Now, what is it, madam?" the clerk asked, returning to her.

"Could you tell me how to get to the nearest Broadway subway station?" she asked.

—*New York Sun.*

Lan' Sakes, Mandy!

Dinah, a dusky belle, had purchased a new hat. She asked her friend Mandy what she thought of it.

MANDY: I think it's a lovely conskeption but it doesn't suit yo'!

DINAH: What's the reason it don't suit me?

MANDY: Well, if yo' wants my honest opinion, I think it makes yo' look too French!

—*Tit-Bits.*

Well—You Try It!

Sign in front of a florist's shop in Mt. Clemens, Mich.

Arthur Van Derblumenscheuer

Say it with Flowers.

—*American Legion Weekly.*

Seaside Morals Mixed

ROMANTIC PARENT: Some still maintain they can see people smuggling on this beach at night.

LITTLE BOY: Yes, I know. Grandma said it's disgusting.

—*London Mail.*

Bereaved the Baby

MOTHER: Good gracious, Mary, what is the matter with baby?

NURSE: Oh, if you please, mum, I can't do nothing with him. Fido's eaten his diary!

—*London Opinion.*

An Oriental Ad Artist

Japanese advertisers believe in a lavish use of similes.

"Step inside!" is the invocation of a big multiple shop in Tokio. "You will be welcomed as fondly as a ray of sunshine after a rainy day. Each one of our assistants is as amiable as a father seeking a husband for a dowerless daughter. Goods are dispatched to customers' houses with the rapidity of a shot from the cannon's mouth."

A grocer proclaims that his "superfine vinegar is more acid than the tongue of the most fiendish mother-in-law."

—*Edinburgh Scotsman*.

Carnal Courage

LANDLADY: Don't be afraid of the meat, Mr. Grant.

GRANT (a new boarder): I'm not afraid of it. I've seen twice as much meat, and it didn't frighten me a bit.

—*Royal Magazine (London)*.

Excuse Enough

An income-tax form was returned recently with the following remark:

"Sir, I belong to the Foresters and don't wish to join the Income Tax."

—*Tit-Bits (London)*.

A Derned Selfish Wife

He was—well, very, very careful. Each week he would go over his wife's cash account, growling and grumbling. Once he delivered himself of the following:

"Look here, Sarah, 'mustard plasters one shilling, two teeth extracted five shillings.' There's six shillings in one week spent for your private pleasure!"

—*Tit-Bits (London)*.

Love's Lane

Friendship, N. Y.

Love, Va.

Kissimee, Fla.

Ring, Ark.

Parson, Ky.

Reno, Nev.

—*Illinois Star*.

A Bare Threat

Advertisement in the Oklahoma *News*: "Party who took green silk pajamas from clothesline at 440 West 12th, please return and no embarrassing exposure will be made on my part."

To the Credit of C. S.

I know a Christian Scientist who either left his church because of a quarrel, or was turned out. I am not vicious, I hope, but find much amusement in inducing this man to talk about his trouble; his attempts to express hate in Christian Science language are very amusing to the old sinner now addressing you.

—*E. W. Howe's Monthly.*

'Twill Be a Noisy Kingdom

An epitaph in San Diego, Cal., as reported in the *Times of Cuba*:

"This yere is sakrid to the memory of William Henry Skaraken, who was shot by Colt's revolver—one of the old kind brass mounted, and of sich is the kingdom of heaven."

A Vile Panderer

"How do you manage to sell so many fireless cookers?"

"It's due to my method of approach," said the smart salesman. "I begin my little talk by saying, 'Madam, I have called to enable you to spend every afternoon at the movies.'"

—*Birmingham Age-Herald.*

The Mouths of Babes, Etc.

The young men of the war who now find it difficult to go back to the draper's counter remind us of the boy who went to the circus. On his return home his mother asked him how he'd liked it. "Oh, ma," he said, "if you once went to the circus, you'd never go to church again in all your life!"

—*London Opinion.*

Worms Crawled in and Worms Crawled Out

HE: Have you heard about the two worms fighting in dead earnest?

SHE: No. Poor Ernest!

—*Williams Purple Cow.*

Names Change, Things Don't

OLD ROBINSON (inspecting young R.'s "personal expenses" account for last college term): What do you mean by forty dollars for tennis?

YOUNG R. (easily): Oh, that's for a couple of rackets I had to have.

OLD R. (severely): Yes, I understand, but I think we used to call them bats.

—*Princeton Tiger.*

Sticking Together

Representative Cooper, of Wisconsin, was talking about Prussian militarism.

"Prussian militarism," he said, "prepared for this war since '71 as frankly and openly as—as—well, as the club."

"A lady, you know, rang up the club the other evening.

"Please call my husband to——," she began, but she was interrupted.

"Your husband ain't here, ma'am," said the attendant, blandly.

"My goodness gracious me!" the lady exclaimed, "you're mighty sure about it, aren't you? And I haven't told you my name yet, either. Look here, mister, how do you know my husband isn't at the club when I haven't told you my name?"

"The attendant answered more blandly than ever:

"Nobody's husband ain't never at the club, ma'am."

—*Washington Star.*

An Oily and Fiery Prayer

A celebrated revivalist came to address his flock, and before he began to speak the pastor said: "Brother Jones, before you begins this discourse, there are some powerful bad negroes in this here congregation, and I want to pray for you," which he did in this fashion:

"O Lord, give Brother Jones the eye of the eagle, that he may see sin from afar. Glue his ear to the gospel telephone, and connect him with the central skies. Illuminate his brow with a brightness that will make the fires of hell look like a tallow candle. Nail his hands to the gospel plough, and bow his head in some lonesome valley where prayer is much wanted to be said, and anoint him all over with the kerosene oil of Thy salvation and set him afire."

—*Congressional Record.*

A Master Craftsman

The wife of a wealthy man had occasion to call in the help of a new floor-polisher.

"Do you understand your business thoroughly?"

"All I ask, madam, is that you inquire for yourself at my last situation. On the floor of the large drawing-room alone five persons broke their limbs during last winter, and one lady slipped down the grand staircase. It was I who polished the floor and the stairs."

—*Tit-Bits.*

A New Town

Two gentlemen riding on a train were both very much intoxicated.

First Gent—What time is it?

Second Gent (after extracting a match-box from his pocket with much exertion and gazing at it intently)—Thursday.

First Gent—My God! I've got to get off here.

—*Everybody's.*

Dinner Religion

Dr. J. M. Buckley, the Methodist divine, was asked one day to conduct an "experience meeting" at a colored church in the South.

A colored woman arose and bore witness to the preciousness of her religion as a light-bringer and comfort-giver.

"That's good, sister!" commented Dr. Buckley. "But now about the practical side. Does your religion make you strive to prepare your husband a good dinner? Does it make you look after him in every way?"

Just then Dr. Buckley felt a yank at his coat-tails by the colored preacher, who whispered ardently: "Press dem questions, Doctor, press dem questions. Dat's my wife!"

—*Ladies' Home Journal.*

Love's Fragrant Generosity

He and his best girl were seated in a buggy one evening in town watching the people pass. Nearby was a popcorn vendor's stand. Presently the girl remarked:

"My! That popcorn smells good!"

"That's right," said the gallant. "I'll drive up a little closer so you can smell it better."

Only His Money's Worth

Returning home from the dentist's where he had gone to have a loose tooth drawn, little Raymond reported as follows: "The doctor told me 'fore he began that if I cried or screamed it would cost me a dollar, but if I was a good boy it would be only fifty cents."

"Did you scream?" his mother asked.

"How could I?" answered Ray. "You only gave me fifty cents."

—*Boston Transcript.*

A Generous Justiciary

Fresh from Boston, the lawyer in the frontier town had just finished a glowing summing up for the defense. There ensued a long pause, and the Easterner turned in some embarrassment to the judge.

"Your honor," he asked, "will you charge the jury?"

"Oh, no, I guess not," answered the judge benignantly. "They ain't got much, anyway, so I let them keep all they can make on the side."

—*American Legion Weekly.*

Hot Dog!

"Carl," said the restaurateur to a waiter, "why did that man at table No. 7 leave so suddenly?"

"He called for sausage, sir," said the waiter, "and I told him we were out of them, but that if he would wait a few minutes I'd have the cook make some. As I went to the kitchen to give the order, I accidentally stepped on the dog's tail, and of course it yelped. The man got up right away, sir, and ran out."

—*Unknown.*

Politics No Sin

Over in the "Old Country" an Irishman informed his confessor that he had killed two policemen. He waited a moment, and, as no comment was made, he repeated the information in a louder tone. Still there was no remark on the part of the priest, so he raised his voice a little higher and asked, "Are ye deaf, Father?"

"I am not," came the answer. "I'm waiting for you to stop talking politics and start confessing your sins."

—*Savings Banks Journal.*

God Save the Queen!

The Shakespeare Club of New Orleans was noted for its amateur performances. Once, a social celebrity, gorgeous in the costume of a lord-in-waiting, was called upon to say: "The queen has swooned."

As he stepped upon the stage his friends applauded vociferously. Bowing his thanks, he faced the king and, in a high-pitched voice, said: "The swoon has queened."

There was a roar of laughter. He waited patiently until it had subsided and tried again: "The sween has cooned."

Again the house roared, and the stage manager, in a voice that could be heard all over the theatre, said, "Come off, you doggoned fool!"

But the ambitious amateur refused to surrender, and in a rasping falsetto, as he was being assisted off the stage, screamed, "The coon has sweened!"

—*The Rounds.*

Celestial Physic

A preacher is said to have received from a patent medicine company an offer to provide his church with songbooks free of charge. It was explained there would be a few ads in the front and back of the books, but that these ads would not be offensive to members of the congregation, since the books were being secured for nothing.

The preacher gave the order and the books arrived. He found the ads to be mildly worded and decided to use the books. He explained from the pulpit how the books had been secured and announced that they would sing hymn No. 274. Imagine the congregation's surprise when, on reaching the second verse, they found themselves singing:

"Hark the heavenly angels sing,
Johnson's pills are just the thing;
Angel voices meek and milk—
Two for man and one for child."

—*Ancient.*

She'll Keep Her Word

LOU—"Will I have to give up my club when we are married, love?"

LAURA—"Oh, I'll have a little club at home for you, dear."

—*Houston Post.*

Faithful Unto Death

An old darky got up one night in meeting and said:

"Bredders an' sisters, you know and I know that I ain't been what I oughter been. I'se robbed henroosts an' stole hogs, an' tol' lies, an' got drunk an' slashed folks wi' my razor, an' shot craps an' cussed an' swore, but I thank de Lord dere's one thing I ain't nebber done—I ain't nebber lost my religion."

—*Various Magazines.*

Show This to Sadie

"I've an invention at last that will mean a fortune!"

"What is it this time?"

"Why, it's an extra key for a typewriter. When you don't know how to spell a word you hit that key and it makes a blur that might be an e, an a, or almost anything else."

—*New York Evening Post.*

Had Peter, Noah and Gabriel Guessing

A prominent deacon in an Ohio church was seriously ill. As he was very popular, a bulletin was posted in front of the church to inform his friends of his condition. It read:

"One o'clock: Deacon Jones very ill."

"Two o'clock: Deacon Jones is worse and sinking rapidly."

"Three o'clock: Deacon Jones is dead."

A jocund traveling man, seeing no one in sight, added:

"Seven o'clock: Great excitement in Heaven. Deacon Jones has not yet arrived. The worst is feared."

—*Old Favorite.*

Logic!

The ball had gone over the railings, as balls will in suburban gardens, and a small but unabashed batsman appeared at the front door to ask for it.

Then appeared an irate father.

"How dare you show yourself at my house? How dare you ask for your ball? Do you know you nearly killed one of my children with it?"

"But you've got ten children," said the logical lad, "and I've only got one baseball."

—*Chicago News.*

Too Much Watching

Douglas, aged seven, did not like the idea of guardian angels watching over him while he slept.

One night his mother found on his pillow a big, black false-face—a souvenir of Hallowe'en—and at the foot of the bed, under the covers, the child himself, resting uncomfortably.

She asked him what was the matter—why he preferred to sleep upside down, and what was the idea of the false face.

To all of which questions he boastfully replied:

"Why, I'm just playing a little joke on the Lord! I'm sick and tired of having those old guardian angels watch me the minute I get to sleep!"

—*Harper's.*

His Brute Pa

Vincent was altogether too garrulous in school to please his teachers. Such punishments as the institution allowed to be meted out were tried without any apparent effect upon the boy, until at last the headmaster decided to mention the lad's fault upon his monthly report.

So the next report to his father had these words:

"Vincent talks a great deal."

Back came the report by mail duly signed, but with this written in red ink under the comment: "You ought to hear his mother."

—*Chicago Daily News.*

Choosing Language

Johnny looked in amazement at the hippopotamus, which, after gazing at Johnny for a while, yawned lazily.

"Oh, mamma, ain't that a hell of an animal?" said Johnny.

"Why, Johnny, what kind of language do you call that? I don't want to ever hear you use that word 'ain't' again!"

—*New York World.*

Our Opulent English

The sweet young thing had been unable to buy the article she wanted, but in each case the clerk had assured her that "next time" it would assuredly be in stock. One day she called at the store to find a new clerk on the job. "Do you have spats yet?" she inquired. The clerk blushed. "No, ma'am," he stammered: "I'm not living with my wife now."

—*Minneapolis Journal.*

The Present New York Way

Mr. Johnson was wending his way home, after a tiring day house hunting with no result. Passing along by a river he heard a splash. Horrors! There was a man struggling in the water. Could it be? Yes—it was his friend Mr. Robson. Disregarding his appeals for help, Johnson made a rush for Robson's house agent.

"Excuse me," he said breathlessly, "but can I have Robson's house? He has fallen in the river and is drowning."

"Sorry," said the plaster-faced house merchant, "but you're too late. I've already let it to the man who pushed him in."

—*New York World.*

An Unconnected Bluff

He was a young lawyer and had just opened his office. Clientless, of course. Hearing his doorknob turn, he quickly picked up the telephone receiver. But, let him tell it!

"Yes, Mr. S.," I was saying as the stranger entered the office, 'I'll attend to that corporation matter for you. Mr. J. had me on the phone this morning and wanted me to settle a damage suit, but I had to put him off as I was too busy with other cases. But I'll manage to sandwich your case in between the others somehow. Yes. Yes. All right, good-bye.'

"Being sure, then, that I had duly impressed my prospective client, I hung up the receiver and turned to him.

"Excuse me, sir," the man said, "but I'm from the telephone company. I've come to connect your instrument."

—*New York World.*

Her Obedient Husband

"What do men know of women's work?" fiercely queried the lady orator. "Is there a man here," she continued, folding her arms, "that has day after day got up in the morning, gone quietly downstairs, made the fire, cooked his own breakfast, sewed the missing buttons on the children's clothes, cleaned the pots and kettles, and swept the kitchen? If there is such a man in this audience, let him rise up. I should like to see him."

In the rear of the hall a mild-looking man in spectacles, in obedience to the summons, timidly arose. He was the husband of the eloquent speaker. This was the first chance he had ever had to assert himself.

—*Going Around.*

Milk, Meat, Murder

A negro employed at one of the movie studios in Los Angeles was drafted by a director to do a novel comedy scene with a lion.

"You get into this bed," ordered the director, "and we'll bring the lion in and put him in bed with you. It will be a scream."

"Put a lion in bed with me!" yelled the negro. "No, sah! Not a-tall. I quits right here and now."

"But," protested the director, "this lion won't hurt you. This lion was brought up on milk."

"So was I brung up on milk," wailed the negro, "but I eats meat now."

—*Saturday Evening Post.*

A Fraud of a Father

A little girl, whose father is widely known as a writer of humorous stories, was recently approached by a visitor who said:

"It must be nice to have a papa who knows so many fine stories."

The little girl blushed, and hung her head.

"Aren't you proud of your papa?" the visitor asked.

"Yes," the little girl answered, "but I think I ought to tell you something."

"What is it?"

"The stories of my papa's aren't stories at all."

"Not stories?"

"No."

And in a deep, hoarse whisper, the child confessed:

"He makes them all up out of his own head."

—*Youngstown Telegram.*

The Myriad-Minded Shakespeare

Miss Jones gave her classes a test in which she asked them to name five of Shakespeare's plays. Among the titles received were these:

King Liar.

A Merchant of Venus.

Old Fellow.

McBath.

Omelet.

Which reminds us of the high-school pupil who said that Shakespeare's most famous poem was "Venice an Adenoids."

—*Cleveland Plain-Dealer.*

Lighting Her Countenance

One evening a farmer met his man with a lantern and asked him where he was going.

"Courtin'," was the reply.

"Courtin'," said the farmer, "with a lantern? I never took a lantern with me when I went courtin'."

"I thought not," replied the man, "when I first saw your missus."

—*Pearson's Weekly (London)*.

His Great Opportunity

He was a professional conjurer. "Now, ladies and gentlemen," he said, with a wave of the hand, "this is the magic cabinet. I invite any lady in the audience to enter this cabinet. I will then close the door, and when it shall be opened again the lady will have disappeared, leaving no trace."

There was an impressive silence until a little undersized man in the second row turned to an enormous woman, who sat by him, and breathed eagerly:

"Marie, dear, won't you oblige the gentleman?"

—*Pearson's Weekly (London)*.

A Wasted Life

One of Sir Thomas Lipton's favorite stories concerns an old Scotchman who went to a horserace for the first time and was induced to stake a sixpence in the third race on a 40-to-1 shot. By some miracle the horse won, and when the bookmaker handed the old man his winnings he could hardly believe his eyes.

"Dae ye mean to tell me I get all this for ma saxpence?" he exclaimed.

"You do," replied the bookmaker.

"Ma conscience," muttered the Scotchman. "Tell me, mon, how long has this thing been goin' on?"

—*Boston Transcript*.

Her Supreme Sacrifice

"There are a great many 'human interest' stories to be found in the 'want' advertisements."

"Well?"

"For instance, here's one in which Mary says: 'Come home, John; I've sold the poodle.'"

—*Birmingham Age-Herald*.

Extreme Measures

He hated having his photograph taken, but his wife, indirectly, had forced him to undergo the much dreaded ordeal. When she saw the photograph she cried out in horror, "Oh, George, you have only one button on your coat!" "Thank Heavens," replied friend husband, "you've noticed it at last. That's why I had the photograph taken."

—*San Francisco Argonaut.*

Flip Jack, Flap Jack

"I thought sure Jack and Miss Flyrtie would make a match of it. What caused the break?"

"It was all due to Jack's unfortunate knowledge of Shakespeare. You see, when he proposed, Miss Flyrtie said: 'Well, here's my hand and my heart with it. 'Twas mine; 'tis yours.'

"'And has been slave to thousands,' quoted Jack without thinking—and it was all off in the twinkling of an eye."

—*Boston Transcript.*

Ever Do It?

"Do you see that chromo over there in the blue dress?" asked the man of a stranger standing next to him at a party.

"Yes," replied the man addressed, with interest.

"Let me give you a quiet tip. She's a lemon. She walked all over my feet. Don't try to dance with her."

"I'm not likely to. You see, she's my wife!"

—*Yonkers Statesman.*

"Helping" Mamma

Several members of a woman's club were chatting with a little daughter of their hostess.

"I suppose you are a great help to your mamma," said one.

"Oh, yes," replied the little miss, "and so is Ethel, but it's my turn to count the spoons to-day after the company is gone."

—*Boston Transcript.*

Oh, Edith!

DICK—I think Edith will make a fine wife. I have been calling on her for six months now and nearly always have found her darning her father's socks.

JACK—That caught me, too, until I found out that it was the same sock.

—*Boston Transcript.*

An Orthodox Auld Mither

"Tell me, Jamie, what was the most wonderful thing you saw while at sea?"

"I think the strangest thing I saw was the flying-fish."

"Noo, laddie, dinna mak' a fule of yer mither. Wha ever heard o' a fish fleein'?"

"Another strange thing I saw when crossing the Red Sea. We dropped anchor and when we raised it again there was one of the wheels of Pharaoh's chariot on it."

"Aye, laddie, I believe you. We've Scripture for that."

—*Kansas City Times.*

Modern Salesmanship

"Ethel," he whispered, "will you marry me?"

"I don't know, Charlie," she replied coyly.

"Well, when you find out," he said, rising, "send me word, will you? I shall be at Mabel Hicks's until ten o'clock. If I don't hear from you by then I am going to ask her."

She hurried up.

—*Houston Post.*

The Supply Holds Out

"Some men make money out of lumber, others out of wool, still others out of cotton, corn or wheat."

"A man can make money out of almost anything nowadays, if he knows how."

"That's true."

"I've just met a member of the medical profession who told me he made ten thousand dollars last year out of adenoids."

—*Birmingham Age-Herald.*

Boston Lowbrow Habits

A fastidious friend of ours, being down on Atlantic Avenue on business the other day, dropped into a hashery for lunch. It was a rough, ill-smelling place, but he thought he could manage to get down a cup of coffee and a doughnut, so he ordered them. The waitress brought his coffee in a thick, heavy cup.

"Where's the saucer?" inquired our fastidious friend.

"We don't give no saucers here," replied the girl, turning her wad of gum. "If we did, some lowbrows would come blowin' and drink out of his saucer, and we'd lose a lot of our swell trade."

—*Boston Transcript.*

Spic and Span Spitting

There's a suburban home whose owner's principal delight is in keeping it spic and span. After dinner he and a guest were smoking on the front porch. The guest, after lighting his cigar, threw the burned match to the ground.

"Oh, I wouldn't do that, George," said the host.

"Why not?" asked the guest, surprised.

"It spoils the appearance of a place," was the answer. "It's just those little things that make a place look bad."

The guest smoked his cigar in silence for a minute. Then, without a word, he got up from his chair, walked down to the road and disappeared. He returned in a short while, and his host asked:

"Why, where have you been, George?"

"Oh, I just went down to spit in the river," said George.

—*Everybody's.*

Caddie's Slip-Up

GOLFER—Confound you, boy; you made me miss that putt!

CADDIE—I didn't do nothing, sir.

GOLFER—Yes, you did; it was your blooming hiccough.

CADDIE—I didn't hiccup, sir.

GOLFER—Of course, you didn't. It's the first time you've missed, and I allowed for it, you idiot!

—*Stray Stories.*

Show This to Myra

"Why don't you go on writing my speech?" said the orator.

"I am spellbound," replied his typist.

"Has my eloquence such an effect?"

"Yes, sir. I never worked for a man who used so many words I can't spell."

—*Boston Transcript.*

Scriptural Fashions

"William Dean Howells," said an editor, "often joked about the latest styles.

"The minister made a witty reference to the latest style in his sermon, didn't he?" Mr. Howells said one Sunday morning to a young lady of New York.

"Did he? How?" asked the young lady.

"Why, didn't you notice?" said Mr. Howells. "He chose his text from Revelations."

—*Detroit Free Press.*

And Sir Walter Turned Over

He had been reading knightly romances and grew dissatisfied with the present sordidness of the world. He believed it to be his duty to inject some romance into the daily grind.

On a rainy, muddy day he sallied forth to perform some knightly errand. He beheld a bewitching princess about to step from her limousine upon the dirty wet pavement. Hastening forward, he spread his fur coat under her dainty feet.

She looked at him in surprise.

"Well, of all the damn fools!" she exclaimed.

—*Smart Set.*

Good One on Mike

A dignified Episcopalian minister had an engagement to lecture at 8 p. m. in a New York auditorium. A dinner engagement held him in his hotel until 7.45 p. m. He rushed out to the taxi stand and said to the driver: "I've an engagement to speak in Mechanics' Hall at 8 o'clock. Break the speed laws! Take any chances! I'll take the responsibility!" The car whizzed away. It had gone a few blocks when it was halted by an Irish traffic policeman:

"Shtop!" he shouted. "Shtop! Back oop there. Whadda ye mane thryin' tuh make a race-track out uv me boulevarrd? Hop out there an' give me your name and number."

The minister stepped out. The policeman took one look at the ministerial choker and closed front vest. Then taking off his hat he said softly:

"I beg your pa-a-r-rdon, father. I shtopped ye so's I cud tell the laddy here to be careful three blocks farther down. There's a mean Protestant cop down there and ye might get pinched."

—*Journal of the American Medical Association.*

Father Feared Another Cough-Up

"In what city were you born?"

(The teacher was filling out questionnaires for new pupils.)

"I wasn't born in no city."

This answer, from Uriam Umson, caused surprise.

"But you must have been born in some city—or town."

"No, mam; I was born on a train."

"Indeed! Are you sure?"

"Yes, mam, because I often hear mother remind father of how mad he got when he thought he'd have to pay another fare."

—*Youngstown Telegram.*

The Deadly Saxophone

A Washington man was taking a walking tour through Maryland. One night he put up at a country hotel. The next morning, at breakfast, the landlord said to him:

"Did you enjoy the saxophone playing in the room next to yours last night?"

"Enjoy it!" exclaimed the tourist. "I should think not! Why, I spent half the night pounding on the wall, trying to make the man stop!"

"It must have been a misunderstanding," said the landlord, regretfully. "The saxophone player told me that the person in the next room applauded him so heartily that he went over every piece he knew three times."

—*Harper's Magazine.*

Entirely Reasonable

"I am in receipt of your letter asking why I cannot receive your shipment at Fargo," a gentleman writes to a mail-order house. "I am sorry I cannot take this out, but you see I am in jail at Cando, N. D., on charges of murder, and I will probably go to the penitentiary, and they tell me that place is steam-heated, so I won't need the stove, so please arrange to send my money back."

—*Macon Telegraph.*

Checkmate!

Not long ago there appeared in a Western paper the following:

"The gentleman who found a pocketbook with money in Main Street is requested to forward it to the address of the loser, as he was recognized."

The next day there appeared in the same paper the response, which, although courteous, had an elusive air:

"The recognized gentleman who picked up a pocketbook in Main Street requests the loser to call at his house at a convenient date."

—*Harper's Magazine.*

A Psychologist

Asked why he left hell out of a recent sermon, Brother Williams replied:

"Ever'thing to his season. Whilst I wuz a-preachin' dat sermon de thermometer wuz in de nineties, an' hell spoke for itself!"

—*Atlanta Constitution.*

He Was Too Darned Sure!

CYCLING AMAZON (after collision)—It was your fault! I was riding my wheel carefully and I've had eight years' experience in riding!

PEDESTRIAN—Madam, I think it was yours! I was walking carefully, and I've had sixty-eight years' experience in walking!

—*Passing Show (London)*.

Scientific Humor

AL BERT—How do these love triangles usually end?

PHIL BERT—Most of them turn into a wreck-tangle.

—*Science and Invention*.

Poor Margaret!

Six-year-old Margaret often played with Nellie, a neighbor's little girl. One rainy day the two were just starting across the clean kitchen floor at Margaret's home when the latter's mother, seeing their muddy shoes, headed them off and sent them out to play on the porch. After a moment Nellie remarked:

"My mother don't care how much I run over the kitchen floor."

There was quite a long interval of silence. Then Margaret said:

"I wish I had a nice, dirty mother like you've got, Nellie."

—*Galveston News*.

Fifty-Fifty Sausage

A sausage manufacturer in Milwaukee built a reputation for a certain brand of sausage. He called it rabbit sausage. A sanitary inspector called one day for an analysis. "Don't you use some horse in this make of sausage?" asked the s. i. "Yes, I use some," was the reply. "How much?" "Well, I make it a fifty-fifty proposition. One horse, one rabbit."

—*Circuit Rider*.

Well, What DOES It Mean?

"It means 'In God we trust,'" replied the office boy confidently in answer to a question over the telephone.

"What does?" inquired the city editor who caught the remark.

"E Pluribus Unum," answered the boy. "A man said he had a bet up."

"What did he say when you told him that?"

"He said he guessed he'd lost the bet."

—*Kansas City Star*.

Jock's Invisible Porridge

"Jock," said his employer, "there's a fly in yer pairritch."

"That disnae matter," replied Jock gloomily; "it'll no droon." The farmer glared at him.

"What do ye mean?" he angrily asked. "That's as much as sayin' ye haven't enough mulk."

"Oh," replied Jock, still more gloomily, "there's mair than enough for a' the pairritch I have."

—*Detroit Free Press.*

We Subscribe

MOTHER—We must get a nurse for the baby.

NEW POP—A nurse? What we need is a night watchman.

—*Boston Transcript.*

Bringing Up Mother

"Are you going to the theatre this evening, Mrs. Frisber?"

"Yes. I have great confidence in my daughter's judgment. She has found a play she thinks it would be quite proper for me to see."

—*Birmingham Age-Herald.*

'Twould Take a Miracle, Bill

The two miners had never seen golf played before. They stood watching a fat, unskillful player at work in a bunker. The sand flew up, but the ball remained. Seven agonizing shots had been played. The player stopped for breath, and then made his eighth attempt. The ball was lobbed up, dropped on the green, and rolling gently to the pin, settled in the hole.

"Bagum, Bill," said one miner to the other, "he's got a devil of a job on now."

—*London Weekly Telegraph.*

"Hello Hoosit"

A suburban housewife relates overhearing this conversation between her Cape girl and the one next door:

"How are you, Katje?"

"I'm well; I like my job. We got cremated cellar, cremated plumbing, elastic lights, and a hoosit."

"What's a hoosit, Katje?"

"Oh, a bell rings. You put a thing to your ear and say 'Hello,' and then someone says 'Hello,' and you say 'Hooosit.' "

—*Johannesburg (South Africa) Times.*

The Repression of Johnny

"You ought to have seen Mr. Marshall when he called on Dolly the other night," remarked Johnny to his sister's young man, who was taking tea with the family. "I tell you he looked fine a-setting there alongside of her with his arm—"

"Johnny!" gasped his sister, her face the color of a boiled lobster.

"Well, so he did," persisted Johnny. "He had his arm—"

"John," screamed his mother frantically.

"Why," whined the boy. "I was—"

"John," said his father sternly, "leave the room."

And Johnny left, crying as he went: "I was only going to say that he had his army clothes on!"

—*New York Central Magazine.*

An All-Protecting Providence

Says the bachelor editor of the *Wathena Times*: "How can you expect girls to marry and be satisfied with their husbands? They are seldom satisfied with themselves. There is always something, complexion, weight, height, the color of the eyes or hair, that does not suit them. And it is a case where 'murder will out,' for they just can't keep from telling where they themselves think they could be improved. Except for that, easily fooled men might readily imagine them to be perfect. A wise Providence seems to have decreed that they should tote fair, to the extent of warning men of their imperfections."

—*Houston Post.*

Elinor Glyn—But NOT "Three Weeks"

Elinor Glyn said at a dinner:

"The average Spanish couple have a child a year for twenty years or so. A good many of these children die, but nevertheless the average Spanish family boasts about twelve children."

"A Spanish grandee took his family to America last year, and one day, as he was leading the way into a New York department store, a policeman halted him rudely:

"'Here, what you been doin'?' the policeman said.

"'Nothing,' said the Spanish grandee.

"'Then what are all these children follerin' you for?' the policeman said suspiciously."

—*Detroit Free Press.*

Sparks of Laughter

Presence of Mind

"So you got \$200 out of the railway company for the accident?"

"'Twas no an accident. I just cracked the old wife on the head wi' me stick when the crash came."

—*London Mail.*

A Pulling Ad

"Why, Hello, Pat, I hear you lost your job in the department store."

"Oh, yes, I got fired."

"You got fired? How did that happen?"

"Oh, I just took a sign from a lady's shirtwaist and put it on a bathtub."

"And you got fired for that? Well, tell me what the sign read."

"It said, 'How would you like to see your best girl in this for \$2.75?'"

—*Keeping in Touch.*

The Best None Too Good

The other day a negro went into a drug-store and said:

"Ah wants one ob dem dere plasters you stick on yoah back."

"I understand," said the clerk. "You mean one of our porous plasters."

"No, sah, I don't want none of your poores plasters. I wants de bes' one you got."

—*New York Globe.*

Phew!

The young man was telling his sweetheart how he had been attracted to her.

"You were a lovely flower and I was a bee," he explained to her. "I was a mouse and you were a piece of cheese."

And then he wondered why she rose and left the room.

—*The American Legion Weekly.*

Fraternal Hope

At the grave of the departed the old darky pastor stood, hat in hand. Looking into the abyss he delivered himself of the funeral oration.

"Samuel Johnson," he said sorrowfully, "you is gone. An' we hopes you is gone where we 'specks you ain't."

—*The American Legion Weekly.*

His Blessed Helpmeet!

Neighbor (bearer of message, breathlessly)—“You’re wanted at ‘ome, Charlie. Yer wife’s just presented yer with another rebate off yer income tax.”

—*Punch (London)*.

A Resourceful Sergeant

An Irish drill-sergeant was instructing some recruits in the mysteries of marching movements, and found great difficulty in getting a countryman of his to halt when the command was given. After explaining and illustrating several times, he approached the recruit, sized him up silently for a couple of minutes, and then demanded his name.

“Casey, sir,” was the reply.

“Well, Casey, did ye iver drive a mule?”

“Yis, sor.”

“What did ye say when you wanted him to stop?”

“Whoa.”

The sergeant turned away and immediately put his squad in motion. After they had advanced a dozen yards or so he bawled out at the top of his lungs! “Squad, halt! Whoa, Casey!”

—*The Argonaut (San Francisco)*.

“Association of Ideas”

“The storm burst upon us so suddenly we had no warning of its approach,” related the tornado victim. “In an instant the house was demolished and scattered to the four winds. How I escaped being torn to pieces I do not know . . .”

“Good Lord!” ejaculated little Mr. Meek. “That reminds me. I almost forgot to do an errand for my wife.”

—*The American Legion Weekly*.

His Place—“Down Beneath and Far Below”

“My idea of heaven,”
Said Aaron K. Agatehead,
The well-known truck-driver,
“Is a long stretch of pavement
Full of holes and puddles of water,
And the curb lined with people,
All drest in white.”

—*Detroit Motor News*.

And Then She Haunted Him

A widower ordered a headstone for his wife's grave. The inscription concluded with: "Lord, she was thine." When it was finished it was found that the stone-cutter did not have room on the stone for the "e" in "thine."

—*The Drexerd.*

And All the Race Swallows Them

JOHNNY—"Did Moses have dyspepsia like what you've got?"

DAD—"How on earth do I know? Why do you ask such a question?"

JOHNNY—"Well, our Sunday school teacher says the Lord gave Moses two tablets."

—*London Mail.*

Poor Little Infidels!

A colored woman one day visited the courthouse in a Tennessee town and said to the judge:

"Is you-all the reperbate judge?"

"I am the judge of probate, mammy."

"I'se come to you-all 'cause I'se in trubble. Mah man—he's done died detested and I'se got t'ree little infidels so I'se cum to be appointed der execootiner."

—*The Lawyer and Banker.*

Wouldn't Be Caught Napping

DOCTOR—"He'll be up in a day or two, Mrs. Jones. Why all this distress?"

APPREHENSIVE WIFE—"I was so afraid, doctor; all night he was practising the harp on the bed-rails."

—*London Opinion.*

And Probably Perfumed

The other day a little fellow of middle-class parents and drest accordingly was having a merry romp on the esplanade, rolling around on the concrete walk regardless of his clothes entirely. During a pause in his play his mother said to him, pointing to two boys in immaculate white suits: "Look, dear, wouldn't you like to be nice and clean like those children there?"

"Huh!" replied the youngster scornfully, "they're not children; they're pets."

—*Boston Transcript.*

Baiting the Public

"Say, Jim," said the friend of the taxicab-driver, standing in front of the vehicle, "there's a purse lying on the floor of your car."

The driver looked carefully around and then whispered: "Sometimes when business is bad I put it there and leave the door open. It's empty, but you've no idea how many people'll jump in for a short drive when they see it."

—*Kind Words.*

Taking No Chances

A salesman was showing an elderly lady the virtues of the car he sells. He made a number of turns and at the proper times extended his arm as a turning signal. The old lady watched the proceedings for some time. Then she craned her neck and looked at the sky.

"Mister," she said sternly, tapping him on the shoulder, "you just tend to your driving! It don't look like rain, but if it should I'll let you know."

—*Argonaut.*

Does Yours?

And this is the time of year when men ask each other, "How is your wife going to vote?" And the men answer, "She's going to vote the same way I do." And the women ask each other, "Are you going to vote the way your husband does?" And they answer, "He thinks I am."

—*Syracuse Herald.*

No Noticeable Difference

ALGY—"Parker, I'm ruined socially! Last night at the ball I drank too much and staggered into everybody."

VALET—"Scarcely that, sir. Every one's talking of you as inventing a new dance."

—*Passing Show (London).*

Has Plenty of Comrades

"I don't see why you call your place a bungalow," said Smith to his neighbor.

"Well, if it isn't a bungalow, what is it?" said the neighbor. "The job was a bungle, and I still owe for it!"

—*Pearson's Weekly.*

World's Sharpest Weapon

A homely young English chap, having his view obstructed by the headgear of the girl in front of him, ventured to protest. "See here, miss," he said, leaning over, "I want to look as well as you."

"Oh, do yer?" she replied, in a rich Cockney accent. "Then you'd better run 'ome and change yer fice."

—*Boston Transcript.*

A Wunnerful Echo

MAC TAVISH—"Ay, it's a wunnerfu' echo. When folk roond aboot here gang tae their beds, they juist put their heids oot o' the window an' shout, an' the echo waukens them i' the mornin'!"

—*The Passing Show (London).*

He Stopped Short

PERKINS (during neighborly quarrel)—"By Jove, if you don't stop trying to make me angry, I'll buy my wife a new hat, and then you'll have to buy one for yours!"

—*The Passing Show (London).*

Tongue-Wagging Worse Than Leg-Shaking

A notorious gossip one day went to Dean W. D. Wilson, burning with indignation: "Oh, doctor, have you heard the disgraceful news? The young people of your church are going to have a dance, they say. How shocking! What do you think about it?"

To which the saintly scholar responded sweetly, "Madame, I had rather have them shake their legs than their tongues!"

—*The Christian Register (Boston).*

And Its Patches

PROFESSOR—"When you examine a dog's lungs under the microscope, what do you see?"

"The seat of his pants, I suppose."

—*The Pelican.*

And It Worked

"What are you doing with that porous-plaster, Claude?"

"Well, I want an idea for a Futurist Fugue and I thought I'd just try this over on the pianola!"

—*London Mail.*

Business Partners

"Who's the swell guy you was just talkin' to?" asked Tony the bootblack.

"Aw, him and me's worked together for years," answered Mickey the newsboy. "He's the editor of one of me papers."

—*The American Legion Weekly*.

What Makes 'Em Savage

According to Dr. Bramer, the savages of Brumari Island never kiss each other. Judging by their photographs, we don't blame them.

—*The Passing Show (London)*.

The Thrilling Limit

"What sort of a time is your friend having on his motor tour?"

"Great! I've had only two letters from him—one from a police station and the other from a hospital."

—*The Bulletin (Sydney)*.

Good Scheme

"Sages tell us that the best way to get the most out of life is to fall in love with a great problem or a beautiful woman."

"Why not choose the latter and get both?"

—*Amherst Lord Jeff.*

Even If It Is Smith

When a girl begins calling you by your first name, watch out, boy! She likes your last one.

—*Judge.*

Caught 'Em in His Mouth, Too

"Yes," he bragged, "I once invented a rubber pneumatic suit for men working at great heights."

"And was it successful?" asked an unsuspecting one.

"I should say it was," he replied. "D'you know, the first workman who fell off a building wearing one bounced so hard and long that we had to throw biscuits to him to keep him alive."

—*Los Angeles Times.*

Emulating the Barber

As a special inducement to kick the bucket, we find Yonkers undertakers advertising, "Lady Embalmer."

—*Buffalo Express.*

Isaac's Peer

INSURANCE AGENT—"But you surely agree to taking out an insurance policy to cover your burial expenses?"

WILY SCOT—"No, na, mon; I might be lost at sea!"

—*The Passing Show (London).*

Man's Universal Friend

Want white man to milk and run Ford car; one mile south of Fifteenth on Lewis. Devlin.

—*Ad in Tulsa World.*

Auto Shoulder-Chip Deadly

"Why do you turn out for every road hog that comes along?" said the missus, rather crossly. "The right of way is ours, isn't it?"

"Oh, undoubtedly!" answered he, calmly. "As for our turning out, the reason is plainly suggested in this epitaph which appeared in a newspaper recently:

"Here lies the body of William Jay,
Who died maintaining his right of way;
He was right, dead right, as he sped along,
But he's just as dead as if he'd been wrong."

—*Boston Transcript.*

Fulfilled His Mother's Prophecy

"When I was a little child," the sergeant sweetly address his men at the end of an exhaustive hour of drill, "I had a set of wooden soldiers. There was a poor little boy in the neighborhood and after I had been to Sunday school one day and listened to a stirring talk on the beauties of charity I was softened enough to give them to him. Then I wanted them back and cried, but my mother said, 'Don't cry, Bertie, some day you will get your wooden soldiers back.'

"And, believe me, you lob-sided, mutton-headed, goofus-brained set of certified rolling-pins, that day has come."

—*The American Legion Weekly.*

'Twas Worth the Penalty

When Eve upon the first of men
The apple prest, with specious cant,
Oh, what a thousand pities then
That Adam was not adamant!

—*The Gateway (Detroit)*.

Santa Was Cold

Freddie, seven, and Bennie, five, had agreed to stay awake and watch Santa Claus fill their stockings. But the sandman was too much for Bennie and he went to sleep. At about eleven o'clock he roused enough to ask Freddie, sleepily:

"Did he come?"

"Yes."

"Did you see him?"

"Yes."

"What did he do?"

"Oh, he jus' fussed with our stockings a bit and then he went and got into bed with mother."

—*Yuletide Tales.*

And Pat Had a Sign

An Irishman crossing the golf links got hit by a ball. The player hurried up, and finding Pat not seriously hurt, he said sharply: "Why didn't you get out of the way?"

"An' why should I get out of the way?" said the Irishman angrily. "I didn't know there was any murderers around here."

"But I called 'fore,'" said the player, "and when I say 'fore' that's a sign you are to get out of the way."

"Oh, it is, is it?" said Pat. "Well, when I say 'foive' it's a sign that you are goin' to get hit in the jaw. Foive!"

—*Boston Transcript.*

The Oldest Joke in the Modern World

"Go ask papa," the maiden said.

He knew that her papa was dead,

He knew the life that he had led,

And understood when the maiden said,

"Go ask papa."

—*Methuselah.*

SUGGESTIONS TO TOASTMASTERS

This is to be as if we were sitting down together and you asked me to tell you something about toastmastering. If you are without experience you would do well to act on these suggestions, at least until your own judgment is seasoned; and if you are a master, still you may find in these few paragraphs a helpful hint, for none of us is all-knowing.

Great toastmasters prepare for the occasion, and do not depend on the "inspiration of the moment." The "moment" gives them opportunities to add to or change what they had planned to do or say, and sometimes necessitates a variation; but the frame of their evening's work is made in advance. This preparation has two parts—having a finger in planning the program, if that is possible, and getting ready for one's own conduct of the program.

Preparation

The Date: When choosing the dinner's date, diligently inquire about dinners or meetings of other organizations which might draw some whom you desire as guests and some of your own members also. You want the fullest possible attendance. Avoid Friday if you can, that all your members and all your guests may be able to partake of *all* food that is set before them.

Menu: The day of the many-course, heavy-dish dinner has gone by, and such a banquet nowadays is served only when display is desired. A few courses satisfy hunger and pleasure and are long enough for the generation of comradeship and jollity.

Punctuality: Insist and insistently emphasize to the caterer—club or restaurant or hotel—that the dinner must and shall begin *on time*. Then advertise the beginning as a quarter of an hour earlier. Guests and members grow weary with standing around a half hour or an hour, and are impatient at the long delay. A good part of a banquet's success is due to the right start, and only the "on time" start is the right start.

Waiters: See to it—have it clearly understood—and drum it into the head waiter if you can get at him—that the waiters are to leave the room as soon as the coffee and cigars are served, or, at least, that they shall collect the cups and saucers as soon as the cups have been emptied—shall do it quickly, and get out, and *stay out*.

The Tip: Arrange with the management to add the equivalent of the collective tip to their charge, and thus avoid the annoyance

of passing the plates or saucers among your guests. That is a banquet barbarism which nowadays is never seen at well-ordered affairs.

The Newspapers: And whatever else you may overlook do not forget the newspapers. The newspaper will be one of the best friends an organization can have, if it is given half a chance. We want a good story of our dinner in the next day's paper, but too often do nothing to earn it. The newspaper's commodity is news, and our dinner is news; but also we desire publicity; and so our relation to the press is reciprocal. Now, the reporter is a human being, with feelings and usually with fine sensibilities, and the way to gain him as an ally is to show him and his employer that you respect the newspaper as an institution and that you respect his profession. A good way not to do this is to stay away from the newspaper office, give them no notice of the dinner, and offer no facilities to the reporter for doing justice to the occasion. And a good way to procure and secure newspaper goodwill is to call on the city editor, give him the data, solicit cordially his own attendance or that of a reporter, and leave tickets for reserved seats, and then see to it that the seats are seats of honor, near the head table, where the scribe can hear perfectly and can see perfectly both those at the head table and all others in the room; and see to it also that someone at the door has been told about these seats, and, when the newspaper men come, will welcome them with a warmly glad hand and conduct them to their places. How would you like to stand about a banquet door, while some ignoramus trots up to the head table and tells the toastmaster that a reporter from the *Town Booster* is outside and asks what's to be done? Yet that happens often enough, and then there's wonderment that the dinner did not have a front page fat story next day.

Still more: If you are to have an out-of-town speaker, try to obtain from him a manuscript of his address, or, better, an abstract, and see that each paper has a copy of it twenty-four hours in advance of the banquet. In these complex times dinner speeches are given far less space than was accorded to them before August 1, 1914, yet sometimes a little more space is available if the material is on hand early. Well-managed newspapers usually, or commonly, write to such a speaker for manuscript or abstract; but you should not rely on its being done.

Music: What about music? Just two kinds are allowable during the dining. One is mere murmuring music—not *murdersome* music—that does not interfere with conversation and merriment.

Sparks of Laughter

Men do not like at a public dinner to have their voices drowned and their laughter quenched by a brass band or by a blaring orchestra. Set your foot down hard, and keep it down, if racketty music is proposed. If the musicians are artists they should play after the dinner—and so with the singers—and not while plates are clattering, and silver and glass are clinking, and waiters are bustling, and there is the hum of voices and laughter. The diners do not enjoy it, and the artists loathe it. There is a time for everything. The other kind of allowable music is that in which the banqueters can participate with song—such as good chorus singing, backed by an orchestra. But keep out the mere row music, and give fellowship the chance it looks for at a dinner table.

There are few banquet programs that cannot be made more enjoyable by fine vocal or instrumental music, to be alternated with the speeches—just enough to fill in, and relieve the monotony of the speaking, and far from enough to throw the program out of balance and give to music instead of to speaking the chief place.

Printed Program: An engraved or printed menu and program is desirable, at least for an annual or a special dinner—it is kept as a souvenir by many.

Speakers: This is the ticklish part of the planners' task, frequently. First, say that this is the annual dinner of your organization. There is not to be an outside speaker. And you have a horde of officials who will sit at the head table. Now, here's what you are after:—to make your dinner so enjoyable that next year everybody will say, "Let's go!" But they won't say it if every magnate at that long head table makes a speech. Midnight will not find them finished. And most of them God did not purpose should ever make a speech. Wherefore the facts that they are officials does not justify your banquet committee in compelling them to daze, but not to dazzle, your audience. Your program should end not later than eleven o'clock, and your members and guests should not be compelled to listen to a procession of men half of whom get up and say, "I am not a speechmaker," or "I am not going to make a speech"—the first usually tells the truth, and the second is often an unmitigated liar. Firmly, gently, tactfully pick out four or five who *can* make a decent address, and, without explanation or apology, name them as your speakers; adding, as occasionally is necessary, some venerable or honored member, to whom all delight to pay respect. Tell each one exactly how many minutes he may speak, and explain why the limit was fixed—that will help some, even though one or more may exceed his minutes.

If you are to have an out-of-town speaker, all the more reason for keeping down the number of local orators. You must get the crowd away at eleven, and you can't do it if "the whole town" plays orator. A hint here:—some of your members and guests may have come by train and must leave before eleven. If so, call up your out-of-town speaker first, or at least early enough for these early leavers to hear his entire address—they have paid their money to see the show, and he is the star attraction.

Some men have a deserved reputation as writers or as doers. But that does not make them acceptable banquet orators. Make sure that a proposed speaker can indeed speak, and is *known* as a capable speaker. Otherwise his reputation with your people is liable to suffer and he may ruin your dinner. I have seen it happen more than once. Fix this in your mind and don't let it get out:—a great name as a writer or doer is not a guarantee of a great or even an ordinary capable speaker. Don't risk it, don't yield to persuasion—*know* what you are doing when you engage your chief show piece.

The Toastmaster

The "Once Over": And now it is time for the dinner, and we will give the room the "once over" before the doors are opened. Yes, the place cards are at the head table, each with a name upon it—and in its right place! Better remove that tall vase that stands squarely in front of the place of toastmaster or guest of honor—it would hide either one from the banqueters.

Seating Your Guests: All right—let them in. The bugle blows or the orchestra plays, and in they come. If your speaker is a non-member *you* will escort him to the place of honor at your right hand. If there are two such guests, you will bring in both, and place the chief one at your right and the lesser one at your left; or *you* may bring in the chief guest and another officer may pilot the lesser light, to be seated at your right and your left.

The Start: The company is standing at the tables, and waiting your invitation to be seated. Here's where your work begins. Here's where you set the atmosphere, so to speak. Instead of merely saying, "Be seated, gentlemen," say more. First of all you must have complete silence. Get it by pounding a heavy plate, or the table, with the end of your table knife. Don't try tinkling your glass—they won't hear it. *Pound* with that knife—if you haven't a gavel. (Own and carry a gavel.) Some will immediately stop talking and look toward your throne, but there will

still be a few who do not hear or hearing do not heed. Pound again. Keep your poise, and don't open your mouth until the hall is silent. Then, in a voice that reaches to the edges, quote, say, Bobbie Burns:

*"Some hae meat, and canna eat;
Some can eat, and want it;
But we hae meat and we can eat,
So let the Lord be thankit."*

"Will you take your seats, gentlemen?"

or something equally appropriate—you can get a book of toasts at any bookstore and make your own selection. If a minister is at the head table, this quotation from Burns, would not serve, of course. In that case, after silence had been obtained, you would say, "Will the Rev. Dr. [or Bishop] Robinson say grace?" And then, if you are dead sure your quotation would not spoil the grace, follow with your sentiment, quickly enough so that the diners would not have sat down, and yet not so quickly as to seem to be pushing the grace aside—a little practice will make you expert.

Control the Singing: During the dinner there may be light music or chorus singing, and if you are the local song leader you will do the leading. Commonly, song sheets with numbered songs are scattered among the tables, and the diners with rivalry do the selecting—table outshouting table. Catch the fun at the top moment and yourself announce the winning number—don't let the fun run wild, but help it along and direct it with a word of jest or repartee. Have it understood with the leader of the orchestra that he is to play only what *you* announce. Be boss!—and keep the control which you gained when at the beginning you compelled them to silence. An audience admires a firm toastmaster.

Compacting the Audience: Keep your eye on those coffee cups—that head waiter may have forgotten. Don't hesitate to send someone to remind him. The waiters have gone at last—don't begin until they have gone. Is the hall large? Then at once request the banqueters to move toward the head table, in order both that the speaker's task may be easier and that no one may miss any part of what is said.

You Begin: And now you start. But not to make a speech. No!—a thousand times, no. You are toastmaster and not speech-maker. Your sole job is to be the connecting link between the speakers and the audience, and, as I said before, to fix the atmos-

sphere, and keep it fixed. That's all:—doing it, however, with all the grace of personality, and play of wit or seriousness, as may be required, that you can command. First, a few words of welcome and of compliment to guests and members. Next, a few words about the object and character of your organization, that your guests may be informed. Then a few words, if needed or appropriate, about the purpose of the dinner. Five minutes is ample, and two would be a volume. Learn letter-perfect what you intend to say—don't fumble, don't stumble, don't hesitate, and don't read from a wretched little piece of paper. Speak it out like a man and a toastmaster! All right? Well, then, begin your introductions. If the speaker is an outsider, you should have learned the reason for his eminence and the extent of his reputation—and have memorized the introduction. Just a brief presentment of his virtues or powers, or whatever made him famous—in modest language, that avoids world-bursting superlatives. Two minutes is enough. And for heaven's sake don't say, "We have with us to-night!" Now he's on his feet and is receiving his welcoming hand clap. Stay on your feet and lead the clapping as soon as you have uttered his name. If he is one to whom should be accorded the honor of a rising welcome, and the audience is a second slow, pull them to their feet by a raising of your eyebrows and a slight motion of your hands—they'll come. If he is one to be received with cheers, be the cheer leader. And then keep on standing until he has turned to say, "Mr. Toastmaster," at which you bow and take your seat.

If Only One Speaker: While he is speaking, listen. You will probably catch a sentence or a drift that will suggest a jest, or a serious anecdote, or the recitation of a verse, or the utterance of a follow-up and clinching sentiment, after he has ended. Give his audience a chance to applaud him and give him "curtain calls" before you rise. Then say the say which his address has inspired, thank him in behalf of your organization and its guests for having honored your banquet table, speaking appreciation of his eloquent or learned or whatnot address. Then, if there are no others, thank your guests for having graced your banquet tables with their presence, thank the representatives of the press for their most friendly and long-continued service to your organization, and bid all "Good Night!" Books of poetical quotations will supply an appropriate verse.

If Other Speakers: If you have member speakers, you will have prepared your introductions carefully—for this one a humorous

Sparks of Laughter

story or jest, for that one both jest and serious word, and for that other a serious word only. You will find plenty of appropriate stories in SPARKS OF LAUGHTER.

"Good Night!" Frequently a part of the audience begins to ooze out as soon as the chief speech, which usually is the last one, has been finished. Bang your gavel and stop them and hold them and make them join in the courtesy of your "Good Night" utterance.

You started the banquet, and *you* ended it. You had control throughout. You pleased your audience, and you made their enjoyment more complete because you did start and did control and did announce the end; never leave the audience to wonder whether or not the program has ended—do the ending yourself.

Toastmastering is an ornamental art. I have tried to show you some of its first principles. Use them and you will not go far wrong. Prepare thoroughly all that you do. And by and by your workmanship will be a master's, the product of your own personality and suited to your own temperament.

How to Tell a Funny Story

I assume that you do not know how, and that you have not developed any part of the instrument for story telling. I assume also that you earnestly desire to develop this faculty or power, and that, being reasonable, you will agree that a few minutes a day must be given, for some weeks or months, to practice—just as you would be obliged to do in acquiring facility in any other easily acquired art. I do not mean, of course, that you need to defer the beginning of your story-telling for several months, but merely that to become a thoroughly capable jester, methodical and persistent practice is necessary. Let us first take the easier part of the work—

The Easier Part

Gather a Fund: From the start be on the watch for good brief bits of laughter, in magazines and newspapers. Clip them, and file them alphabetically, according to the subject. Also be a watchful listener, and write down, at the earliest moment—don't trust memory too long—each usable story, and put it in your files. You will thus create a valuable stock, that will contain something for every occasion.

Carry a card in your pocket, bearing the first or a suggestional line of several stories, and when you find yourself in a company, public or private, in whose entertainment you are likely to be a participant, refresh your memory by glancing at your memoranda. Do this, and you will not later regret not having told some story that had a special relish.

Memorize: Memorize your stories. Get them down letter perfect. Don't spoil your chance to earn a laugh by hesitating, stumbling, recalling, apologizing. Let the story come trippingly on the tongue. Face yourself in the mirror. Tell your stories to the man in the mirror. Satisfy him—completely—and then you may confidently expect to satisfy a larger audience.

Voice: If the story is without dialogue, you will use your natural voice alone, of course. But if it has dialogue, you must use at least three voices—the narrator's (your own), and a different voice for each of the two in the dialogue. Give one of them a bass and the other a tenor voice; or one of them may need an old man's quavering, toothless voice, and the other the voice of a man in his prime; or both may be boys' voices; or one a man's and the other a woman's. You must give to each speaker such a voice as belongs to the character you are depicting. If you employ only your own

voice, you produce monotony, and you cannot create the individual color that variety of voice permits. That is obvious.

Face: But the voice is only a part of story-telling. You must use such facial expressions as would be used by the man of whom you are telling. If the words are angry, so must the face be; if of grief, the face must respond; if of joy, the face must show it; if of disdain, derision, truculence, dissemblance—the face should match. Again the mirror. Tell the story to its man. Tell it again and again, until you satisfy *him*. Then take it out and try it.

Gesture and Posture: Nor are voice and face all. There are also gesture and posture—gesture, the action of fingers, hands, arms, shoulders; posture, generally, the body's action of attitude. Some stories require neither gesture nor posture; others require one or both. An excited Frenchman or a voluble Hebrew is apt to talk with his entirety, as is also the lively darky. And so you must be a mimic also in these respects. Watch—watch—WATCH! when you see a "character," and then as soon as possible go to the man in the mirror and practice until he tells you that you may try out on somebody else.

What to Tell: What kind of a story shall you tell? Humor in stories may lie in a play upon words, or in the incident, or in the dialect and action, or in a combination of these elements. Assume that, although you enjoy dialect, you have yet no facility in its use. Choose, then, a story with play on words or of incident; and stick to that kind until you have developed ease with dialect.

Dialect: The man who can use dialect has a rich talent. Nearly all of us are attracted to one dialect more than to another—to the Hebrew, or the Irish, or the Scotch, or the Canuck. Which is your favorite? The Hebrew? All right. Then never miss an opportunity to listen to a Hebrew. And, I repeat, as soon as you can reach your mirror, use your power of mimicry to copy what you have heard. Do it over and over again, and listen over and over again—and not to only one subject, but to several; at the same time noting, and copying before your mirror, the typical Hebrew motions of shoulders and arms. Scotch? Go where Scotchmen are, and as soon as you can try it on the man in the mirror. Practice "rolling the r"—difficult at first, but soon you will be able to roll one as long as those of Harry Lauder. When you have your dialect down pat, try it out at that little luncheon or card game. If it goes, as it probably will, keep on practicing, and take on at the same time another dialect. Soon you will have two or three at command.

Choose Your Time: How to tell a story comprises also *when* to tell. The greatest success is obtained by using such a story as the subject of the conversation, or the address, or the character of the occasion, naturally educes, for the minds of your hearers are already receptive to it. Don't jar with an ill-timed jest a serious moment.

The Banquet Table: Suppose you are at a banquet table and are called upon without warning to speak on a subject of which you know little. Self-deprecation would be appropriate, and, if you did indeed speak to the purpose, so much the greater your credit with your audience because you began so modestly. For example: "Mr. Toastmaster and gentlemen, I am only so slightly familiar with the subject under discussion that I fear anything I might say would remind you of the man who recently was a police-court prisoner"—and then tell the police court stuttering story: A prisoner recently was called to the bar of a New York police court. JUDGE: Prisoner, your name? PRISONER: F-f-f-f-f-f-f. JUDGE (angrily): Officer, what is this man charged with? OFFICER: Beggara, your Honor, an' I do be thinkin' he is charged with sody watter. Or: "Mr. Toastmaster and gentlemen, I am obliged to plead dark ignorance of the subject that has been so ably analyzed and illumined, and if I should attempt to add to what has been said I should as certainly fail to set up an intelligent contact with this audience as did the young lady who for the first time in her life was seated, at a dinner, next to so high a dignitary as a bishop"—and go on with the bishop-pyjama story: A young lady was for the first time seated next to an elderly bishop at a banquet table. And her brain wouldn't work and her tongue was paralyzed. Each minute the silence became more embarrassing. At length the fruit was reached, and as she passed him the bananas she asked: "Are you very fond of bananas?" The dear old man was a trifle deaf and he thought she said "pyjamas." And he answered: "My dear young lady, since you ask me I must frankly confess that I much prefer the old-fashioned nightshirt." These are suggestions for *twisting* a story to your need. The power to adapt will quickly respond to cultivation.

You have noticed that quite a number of the stories in SPARKS OF LAUGHTER are aimed at the finer sex. But they shouldn't be blown at a feminine audience like ball from a cannon. Suggestion:—"Mr. Toastmaster, and ladies and gentlemen: The presence of the ladies makes it certain that no member of this association will every be guilty of engraving on the marble memento of his

better half the sentiment which a Vermont farmer carved on the tombstone of his lamented one—"Here lies our wife, Saimanthy Proctor; she catched a cold and wouldn't doctor. She couldn't stay, she had to go—praise God from whom all blessings flow."

Stories of what precious imps of children said to discomfit their parents when company was present always are acceptable at a "Ladies' Night"—of Rotary Club, Publicity Club, or other organization. The mothers are thinking, while the stories are being told, of their own little saints and their speeches and antics, and they like to hear of the pranks of other mothers' angels. Suggestion: "I am glad that this occasion has been made more bright by the light that lies in woman's eyes. Our youngsters are tucked in their beds, and mothers and fathers together are enjoying the pleasures of this occasion. But, ah, those youngsters of ours! What don't they do to us!" Then tell two or three of the child stories which you will find in SPARKS OF LAUGHTER—saving for the last the one you believe to be best.

Don't Overdo: Stuttering stories and hare-lip stories are always enjoyed if told well. The stuttering should be accompanied by facial contortions. Be careful in this, however: don't drag the stuttering out too long—your audience will grow impatient; yet be deliberative enough to give them the full flavor of the stutter. In telling a hare-lip story be sure that your enunciation is clear enough, though clouded by the simulated deformity, to give your hearers the sense of what you are saying, else you will fail—they must be made to hear the *point* of the story.

"That Reminds Me": One emphatic "Don't!" Don't ever begin a story, whether in public or in private, by saying, "That reminds me of a story." More good stories have been done to a sorry, soggy death by men who use that phrase than by any other class of humor murders. The conversation, or the address, or your own remarks, suggest a story, *glide* into it thus:—"Something like Bill" or "Much like Bill" or "As in the case of the dear old lady"—and then without any other word tell your story.

Discriminate: In a public address it is well to use two kinds of jests. One is the line-or-two jest, that is run in at the end of a sentence, to illustrate a point or to lighten a too pronounced soberness. Don't make too much of this brief form—use it casually, and be satisfied with grins or chuckles, and don't act as if you expected your audience to "fall apart in chunks."

Save your best effort for a laughter-compelling story—a complete anecdote. Rehearse it carefully, and weigh and polish its

parts. Then, when you tell it, note its effect upon the audience. You will tell some stories that, to your surprise, will yield more than the one expected laugh—the audience will break in at a point where no humor had been apparent to you. The next time you tell the story in public, be prepared to let your hearers have their laugh at that spot. Then give them the climax, and you will get doubled laughter. Remember this, however:—a sizeable audience is more likely to laugh easily than is a little group of three or four, and so the same story that publicly pulls two laughs may not in private gain more than one.

A Caution: All the time have this in mind, so that you will not be narrowed to your own likes and dislikes in your story-telling:—Tastes in humor differ. There are as many different tastes in humor as there are in food, clothes, jewelry, perfumery, music, painting, cards, books, sermons, politics, climate, and men and women and children. Your task is to please the average, and you must therefore forget *yourself*, and get over the fence and mingle with the crowd, that you may see with their eyes, think with their minds, and use their varied humor.

Study SPARKS OF LAUGHTER—don't merely read it just once—it is full of usable material for every occasion, which will lie “all unlocked to your command” after you have long enough practiced your imagination and ingenuity in *twisting* the stories to your use.

Summary: Memorize your stories. Tell them to the man in the mirror. Suit the voice or voices to the story. Make the face accord with the voice. Obtain command of gesture and posture. Begin your story-telling with the kind of a story you are at present able to tell well. Tell the right story at the right time. Gather a fund of stories. *Study SPARKS OF LAUGHTER*, and force your ingenuity to adapt the stories to actual or imaginary needs. In brief, put as much desire, work, persistence into your learning of this art as your abilities or deficiencies require. And now, if your desire is strong enough to arouse your will to compel you to *grind hard*, that you may attain the utmost success, read with care the following:

If You Have the Grit

You will need an expressive face and a varied voice, among other things. We will begin with the face—that is, with the brows, the eyes, and the mouth. We must *break open* your face.

Your Face: Face your mirror—and at first always practice before it. Lift your right brow up and down, without moving the left. Probably you cannot do it. Take your finger and *push* that

brow up and down. Now try it without the finger. Alternate with and without. After a few days you will find that you have gained some control. Keep up your practice, and soon the brow will obey you. Then attack the left brow, and give it the same treatment, as long as is necessary. Next raise the two brows *alternately*, as many times as you wish—slowly at first, and then rapidly. Various emotions use the brows in expressing themselves. You must and you can subdue them.

Open the eyes as far as you can. Imagine you are struck with horror—wider and still wider open them, until a broad circle of white shows all around the pupils. Almost close the lids, until you can barely see through the “narrowed lids.” Now keep one eye at normal and narrow the lids of the other. Alternate. Keep at it day by day until you can open wide, narrow, and narrow alternately the moment you command yourself to do it. A few weeks at most, and probably only a few days, will show a gratifying response.

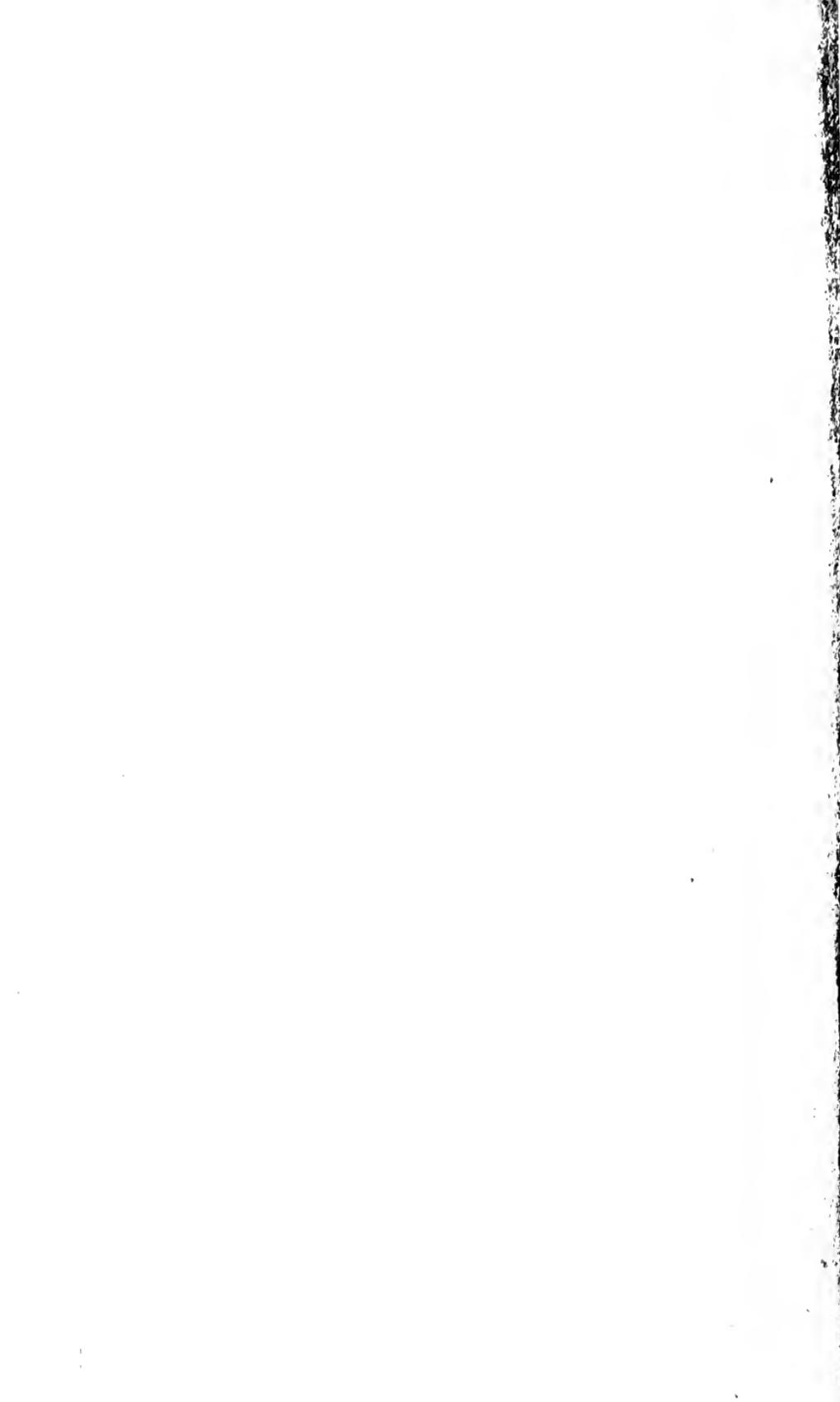
Stretch the right side of the mouth as far as you can, in a line with the mouth. Do it until the muscles tire. Treat the left side the same. Then rapidly alternate—right-left, right-left, right-left, and so on. Stretch the right side of the mouth obliquely, to point between cheek and ear. Keep at it, day by day, until you can do it easily. Left side of the mouth the same. Then alternate rapidly. Pull the right corner of the mouth down—“down in the mouth” expression. Master it. Then tackle the left and master. Now both corners down at once. Then alternate rapidly. Smile pleasantly; broaden to a grin; break wide open into a whole-souled “Ha! ha! ha!” Shrink to the grin, narrow to the smile, go back to normal. Do this repeatedly. Wife laughing at you and asking if you are crazy? Of course!—that’s one of the things wives are for!

These muscles are now fairly obedient. We will therefore take another step. Imagine you are expressing horror. Brows up, eyes staring open, mouth open. Do it both with and without mirror. Now you are sneering:—Eyes a little narrowed, nose turned up, upper lip, one or both sides, drawn up from the teeth. You are weeping:—Brows wrinkled, eyes a bit narrowed, corners of the mouth drawn down. You are joyful:—Brows up, eyes wide and bright but not staring, mouth open. Go through the whole range of emotions in the same way, practicing on each until you could instantly assume its expression no matter when or where called upon. You know these expressions—every man does—or, at least,

his mirror will soon reveal them. Practice faithfully, and you will be surprised at how short a time was required to make you a master. Further:—this practice will give you a more expressive face in ordinary conversation, in business or in social converse, and if you are a speaker it will add to your power to convince.

Voice: You must have a varied voice. I don't mean that you need to go to a teacher of elocution. Not at all. You must school yourself, to assure that your tone of voice expresses the emotion you are depicting. The unsuccessful storyteller's oral expression is monotonous, because he tells all his stories in practically the same tone of voice, and thus fails to make the most of them. If the story has a sneer in it, put into your voice the *sneeriest tone* you can imagine; if it has fury, choke with fury; if a wheedle, "wheedle like the devil," as old Crookback Gloster said. *Color of tone!* COLOR OF TONE! is necessary. How shall you get it? Again your mirror! Having chosen your story, get it down pat, every word in its place, so that you can tell it without hesitation or self-correction. Then look at the man in the mirror. Tell it to him! Watch him respond! Tell him over and over again; and when you have satisfied him, then you may "try it on the dog"—that is, tell it among your friends when the occasion offers. And after you have told it, don't act as if you are begging your hearers for a laugh, or are fearful that they won't laugh—just tell it. If it "goes," why, then, you will know you have made a start. Watch for the next favorable opportunity, and try it on another dog.

Finally: Break open your face. Master the expressions of the various emotions. Practice on the man in the mirror until he tells you to try it on the dog. Observe and practice dialect. Above all, a few minutes a day, and every day, in mirror exercise. When you begin to tell stories, watch for opportunities to tell more, and *make* opportunities to tell them. It will not be long until you will hear, "George, tell us that story you told the other day at the Club," or, if you are an occasional toastmaster, until your reputation will have been enhanced and you will be in still greater demand. The power to tell a story is profitable—it makes a man sought after in business, in social circles, in civic and other organizations, and again and again it takes a man from obscurity and thrusts him into the public eye because of the pleasure he gives at meetings and banquets and similar occasions. I have told you how to acquire this power—but whether or not dollars and power and satisfaction shall result depends altogether upon *yourself*.



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